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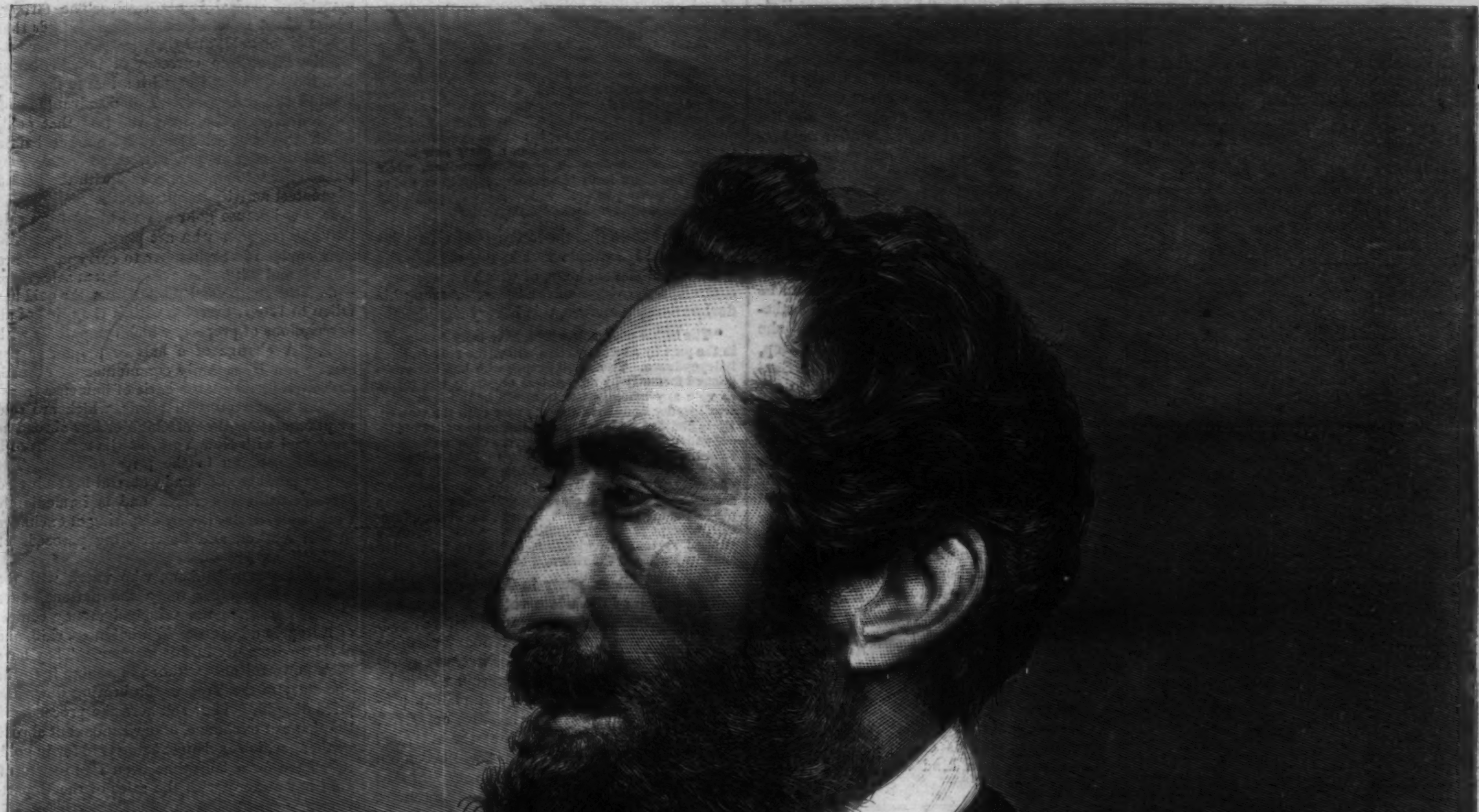

LORD LYTTON.—[SEE PAGE 6.]

SANTA CLAUS.

HE journeys, a guest,
To our gladdened West,
In the gay memorial season,
At the merry time of chime and rhyme
When pleasure romps with reason.

Strange tales we know
Of his beard of snow
And the reindeer steeds that draw him;
But not a man exists who can
Affirm that he ever saw him!

Always he pays
In secret ways
Those visits that delight us;
And drops by stealth his Christmas wealth,
Too cautious to affright us.

And though unseen,
Where his hands have been
Rare joyance follows after;
While his praises float from many a throat
In ripples of mellow laughter.

To us his name
Means more than fame,
With fairest memories round it.
He loveth well our Christmas-bell—
Oh, bid the steeples sound it!

And warm and free
Let the welcome be
As the flame of our brightest ingle;
For he comes, a guest, whither every breast
Pays homage to Kris Kringle!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1870.

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OUR NEUTRAL POLICY.

SENATOR CARPENTER undoubtedly presented the case of Cuba as strongly as it can be urged; but the very vital point of his speech was its weakest part. We are solemnly bound, he said, by the laws of nations and by our own pledges to stand entirely neutral between Spain and Cuba. But how can we stand neutral except between two recognized belligerents? For this most obvious question Senator CARPENTER has a reply. It is, that the acts of Congress of 1794 and of 1818 declare the policy of this country to be "neutrality, with the recognition of belligerent rights from the inception of any actual revolution." What is any actual revolution? This question, also, the Senator answers by saying that, in a legal sense, when the laws can not be enforced by civil officers, but only by military authority within a state, war exists. This may be a legal, but it is certainly not an international sense; for such a principle would foment and strengthen insurrection every where. It would practically abolish international comity.

Certainly Senator CARPENTER would not say that the necessity of enforcing the law in the presence of General PLEASONTON'S bayonets the other day in Brooklyn made a state of war between that district and the United States. He would probably admit that time and a certain display of force and evidence of purpose were necessary to elevate a riot into a revolution, and to justify the concession of belligerent rights to the rioters by foreign Powers. Until these things were apparent he would doubtless concede that there was not "actual revolution," although his words, as reported, are more peremptory, and seem to contemplate interference by recognition at the "inception" of actual revolution—such as the Boston massacre in 1770, or the firing on the *Star of the West* in 1861. Upon such a principle as this, Senator CARPENTER would not, of course, complain that at the inception of the revolution in this country, in 1861, England acknowledged the belligerent rights of the revolutionists. But if, as we assume, he would allow some evidence not only of purpose, but of power, to be essential to the recognition of belligerency to both parties in a civil war, he allows precisely what international custom requires. That custom demands that a belligerent claiming recognition shall have a corporate existence, a civil government performing its functions, ports, and prize courts; that is, that it be more than an armed body of men able to defy the ordinary authority.

The Senator's speech begs the question. He says that, if Cuba violated our neutrality laws by fitting out expeditions, Spain was equally guilty in doing the same thing. This argument asserts that we were bound to treat them both alike. But this is a total mistake. Cuba is not a Power. Cuba is not even a belligerent, so far as we are concerned, until we make her so by recognition; and when we do that, we do it upon evidence of the existence of the facts we have mentioned. The act of 1818 indeed forbids the fitting out, or arming in our ports, of ships to be used against any foreign prince, colony, district, or people with whom we are at peace. But, as Senator SUMNER stated, these qualifying words were introduced into the act subsequently, and with the specific intention of including the Spanish colonies then in revolt, but of whose belligerency there was no question. The principle which Senator CARPENTER asserted to be that of the policy of the United States, is unquestionably that which Mr. BANKS sought to introduce by the modification of the Neutrality laws; but his attempt shows that it is not our present principle or policy.

Indeed, all those who strenuously urge this practice are justifying upon what they call the loftiest grounds the action of England at the beginning of our rebellion. If ever circumstances authorized recognition at the "inception of actual revolution," it was at the time that England acknowledged the Confederacy as a belligerent. The President of the United States had virtually declared that there was no constitutional power to coerce States. It was conceded on every side that the Constitution did not in terms forbid secession. The world had seen the country paralyzed by the shot at the *Star of the West*, and apparently enduring it without a protest. The foreign representatives of the Government were friendly to the rebellion. The party whose leaders had begun the revolt was immense, and had long controlled the Government. There was no army, and the navy was dispersed. If ever there was a promising "inception of actual revolution," this was it; and according to Senator CARPENTER'S principle, as reported, Great Britain was wholly justified.

But upon this principle, how entirely right also would have been the assent of Great Britain to the proposition of France to recognize the independence of the Confederacy after the battle of Fredericksburg! If it be the true policy to grant belligerent rights from the inception of any actual revolution, it is certainly an equally just policy to recognize the independence of a belligerent which, for more than two years, has repelled the efforts of the antagonist, and has maintained a complete system of civil government, and after a decisive victory seems to be master of the situation. Great Britain, nevertheless, refused. Hostile as she seemed to us, she yet refrained from that final and disastrous step, which, it is but a fair logical inference from Senator CARPENTER'S speech, as reported, to say that she was, in his opinion, justified in taking.

The most delicate point in our situation today is the *Alabama* question. Our position upon it is very strong, and it is fortified by our best traditions. Every word spoken upon the subject of international relations, every act done, bears upon the question. Yet not for that reason, politically strong as it is, but for the general welfare of the world, and for the liberty in whose name Senator CARPENTER so eloquently speaks, let us take care to do nothing which shall authorize the eager interference of nations in foreign difficulties. If one nation may intervene for one purpose, another will intervene for another. The only reasonable and safe rule is that of the United States, avowed sympathy for all who are struggling for liberty, and non-interference until power as well as purpose is established by undeniable evidence, of a kind which is universally acknowledged.

MISSISSIPPI POLITICS.

THE result of the late elections in Texas and Mississippi, if, as now seems to be the fact, Mr. DAVIS is elected Governor of Texas, is very agreeable to those who see in it the evidence of a really Republican party in those States. It was a favorite theory of Governor ANDREW of Massachusetts that the real work of reconstruction at the South must be done by native or long-resident Southern white men. He foresaw the immigration from the Northern States; but he was not satisfied that it would be composed altogether of those who could do the work that was essential. This was a view shared by many thoughtful persons, who have been waiting to see if there were any signs of the appearance of such men. They would be those of whose coming our experience made us despair—Southern men who fought for the Confederacy, and who honestly and honorably accepted the defeat, and the consequent situation. In the nature of the case there could be few such men; but Governor ALCORN, the newly-elected Governor of Mississippi, seems to be one of them.

He did not conceal before the election that he had been a rebel; that he had served in the rebel army, and lost a son in it; that he had been a slave-owner, and was a large property-holder in the State where he had lived for twenty-five years, and with which he was entirely identified. But General ALCORN seems to have been able to understand the logical consequences of the utter fall of the Confederacy and of emancipation. He saw also that Congress represented the supreme and resistless power of the victorious Government, and that to defy it was merely to dash his head against the wall. Looking around him, he saw that the hatred of the negro in consequence of emancipation threatened his annihilation, with the loss of the laboring population and endless woes. He saw also that the negro could not best be defended by a military force, but by the ballot. The old masters were, so to speak, the natural leaders of the freedmen. But they cursed the new citizens, who were obliged to seek leadership elsewhere, and they turned to the Northern settlers, many of whom were educated, and had various social and property ties to the South. But others were, as was to be expected, mere adventurers who would stop at nothing that might secure their selfish advantage.

The leadership of the new citizens by such men was for every reason not desirable, and in 1867 Mr. ALCORN called upon the white people of the South to accept the situation in good faith, and not to pout and sulk against the inevitable. He was universally denounced by them in consequence. But when a policy of general proscription was proposed in the State of Mississippi it failed. Then the Republican party of Mississippi was founded upon the platform of an intelligent union of all who heartily accepted the Republican national policy, including amnesty, and of this party General ALCORN was the candidate in the late contest with Judge DENT. The latter was the candidate of the irreconcilables—the "Conservatives" of every kind—as they are absurdly called, as if it were conservatism to refuse to rise out of the ruins of your wagon when it has been upset. The former was the candidate of the Radicals, the intelligent and perceptive part of the community. In his address before the election Governor ALCORN said:

> "The reconstruction to which I go forward is a reconstruction which will make rich and poor equal *in fact* before the law. I move on with it, guiding a harnessed revolution over the ruins of an oligarchy, to the erection of a government *by* the people and *for* the people. I go forward, fellow-citizens, to build up in accordance with the spirit of the age, in accordance with the will of the nation, a party new to the history of Mississippi—a party determined, while raising the State from her prostrate position under the foot of power, to erect it, not upon its point, but upon its base—the masses of the citizens."

But he knows that the interests of all are inseparable. He grants that in the old day the oligarchy of slaveholders, of which he was one, controlled the voters of the State. Among his declarations, therefore, this is very significant:

> "The 50,000 poor voters who have been dominated in the past by a wealthy class will strike now for their independence. The small farmer who had been dragooned formerly by an insolent oligarchy will refuse to vote any more in the interests of the few. The small trader finds his interests now with the masses. He is justified no longer in declining to assert his independence because of the terrors of a rich man's frown. The party I am laboring to form will unite these several classes of the whites with the masses of the tillers of the soil; and, hurling the dotards of a dead system from their seats, will go forward with me to the erection of a government based on education, prompt payment, equality before the law, and a general system of legislation, having its foundation in strict justice to the rich and to the poor!"

The Republican party in Mississippi polled fully a fourth of the white vote. But the majority for General ALCORN and his intelligent platform was so immense that many of those who voted against him will not necessarily remain opposed to an administration which, by insisting upon equal rights, will plainly promote peace and prosperity. For ourselves, however, we do not expect that the old rebel element of the Southern States will become a safe and valuable power. The very fact that General ALCORN and a very few others stand alone among their old associates, reveals the hopelessness of the position of the latter. They will be an obstruction. But there is no reason to suppose that the party in the State, which has shown such strength upon the declaration of so just and generous a policy, will decline. It has comprehended the situation. It has found a leader who could truly express its faith and its purpose; and a man who, under the circumstances that surrounded him, has done what General ALCORN has done, will naturally not wish to undo it.

RECENT GOLD SALES.

MUCH more than usual excitement was experienced in Wall Street on Friday, growing out of the sales of gold. It will be recollected that Mr. BOUTWELL, after the bids had been reported to him on the 30th of November, declined to sell gold at under 22 per cent. premium. Mr. COLGATE, who had put in his offers at 121 and $\frac{20}{100}$, being one of the parties whose bids had been rejected, proceeded to Washington after having tendered about $600,000 to the Sub-treasurer, and insisted that, as there were no higher bidders, he should have his gold.

Mr. BOUTWELL was immovable. He claimed that, although special notice had not been given on this particular occasion of the reservation of a right to reject, yet that it had been given before; that such was the understanding, and that this was to be gathered from the fact that at every sale there was delay in its completion until reported to him and approved.

The decision gave umbrage to Wall Street, which has waited for its opportunity when there was but little currency on hand at Washington—due to the purchases of bonds—to coerce the Treasury into a reversal of its decision.

Friday, the 17th, was the day for the trial of this scheme. A million had been offered for sale on that day, part of the sum announced at the beginning of December. The time having arrived for opening the bids, the Sub-treasurer, with his assistants, punctually appeared at 12 o'clock noon to ascertain the result. The announcement that there were but seven bids was received with derisive laughter, and when it appeared that offers for only $482,000 had been made, and that some of the bids were under that of Mr. COLGATE, the large crowd in attendance rushed to the Gold Room to operate, being certain that the offers would be rejected. The price rose to 121⅛; but amidst the tumult at the Exchange at a quarter to one, on ascertaining that the bids had been accepted, it fell instantaneously one per cent., and the market sank down to 120⅛; closing at about 120⅜, the lowest price reached at any time since the close of the war. Wall Street was jubilant over its supposed victory; but no one could tell during the day what principle of action the decision involved. Will the Treasury sell without limits hereafter, or will it raise or lower them? This was the question universally asked.

As the price of gold affects the price of imported goods—which are marked down with very rigid subserviency in proportion to its fall—and as it affects also the bulk of our exports, these transactions carry dismay to thousands. The merchant, whose goods have been reduced from a currency price founded on gold at 140 to one founded on gold at 120, is ruined if his margin of capital is absorbed. The farmer, whose wheat is sold here for export, finds that it is sold for gold, and that, instead of converting the latter into currency at 140, his agent here must do so at 120, with a loss to the principal of the difference. The disadvantage of the reduction arises from the fact that gold, which was withheld from the market before shipments of our produce commenced, was pressed for sale simultaneously with the period of greatest activity in our exports.

It was because gold was withheld from sale that the sharpers who are pastured upon Erie were enabled in September to carry up gold to 160–2½, and it is because of persistent sales since—doubtless with good intent—that the gold has fallen to 120–1, carrying with it the price of all descriptions of property which sympathize with gold. A change of a half or a quarter per cent. even is instantly communicated abroad, and often furnishes the basis of immense transactions connected with bonds, which are sold or purchased as they are high or low abroad as compared with New York, at the moment of a slight fluctuation in the price of gold. The sale or purchase of bonds abroad is conducted through cable telegrams, and is immediately completed—if a sale—by disposing of exchange in this market, and its resulting proceeds of gold.

The German bankers, who watch with the keenest interest for these fluctuations, have branch houses in the principal money centres of Europe, and operate with boldness, skill, and absolute certainty in this manner. They have been powerful aids without intending it to the Secretary of the Treasury in beating down the price of gold. They sell here the proceeds, in the shape of exchange, of our bonds sent abroad by them, which exchange being paid for in gold, they have for a long time been free sellers of gold in harmony with the sales of the Department.

The violent fluctuations which have occurred in gold, and which have been communicated to the trade of the whole country, are due not to the regular operations of commerce, but to action wholly independent of it, such as no sagacity could foresee. The bankers who urged the policy upon the Treasury of selling gold and buying bonds, admit their disappointment, as they expected that such a feeling of *confidence* would be created abroad as would place our bonds on a par with gold; but although this has not been accomplished, the plan is still pursued with disastrous effects upon our whole trade and industry. It will seldom happen in the experience of men that occasions will be afforded for affecting so powerfully the fortunes of the community.

If Mr. BOUTWELL had paid off the whole amount of three per cent. certificates the contraction in prices would not have been greater than has been produced by the sale of gold; and there would have been this difference between the two schemes, that one would have contracted the currency, and prevented a succeeding rise in prices; while the other exposes the country to the certainty of a subsequent advance when this temporary pressure proceeding from the Treasury shall be withdrawn, as it soon must be, and thus leave our paper currency to its unrestrained and complete influence.

The act of Congress which prevented contraction after Mr. M'CULLOCH had reduced the amount of legal tenders from $400,000,000 to $356,000,000, applied only to "United States notes," which were specifically mentioned, and did not, by its terms or by its necessary effect, apply to the three per cent. certificates. By the terms of the act creating them they were not to bear interest after they had matured, if the Treasury should so elect. Had it done this, the whole amount, with the exception, perhaps, of some portion of the twenty millions which have been stamped by the Sub-treasurer for clearing-house purposes, would have been presented for redemption, as they are held as a reserve in preference to legal tenders, because they bear interest. To the extent of that $20,000,000 those certificates constitute a tender between banks, although they do not as between the banks and individuals. They perform the purposes of money in promoting expansion, but not at all for the purpose of payment to bill-holders or depositors; and, being thus anomalous and dangerous, should be eliminated from the system. The Treasury was at liberty to pay off these; but it may be said that this would have been in violation of the spirit of the act of Congress, as it amounted to virtual contraction.

It was competent for Congress to have specified these, if it was intended that they should not be paid off; but Congress aimed at steadiness in the currency and in prices, and wished to prevent a contraction in the exchangeable value of commodities; and yet Mr. BOUTWELL, appearing to be governed by the supposed spirit instead of the terms of the act, has adopted a policy which has lowered prices in an extraordinary degree and produced an amount of suffering in all the walks of commerce and industry which could not have been equaled by contraction, and produced it without the permanent benefits to result from contraction.

We urge, therefore, upon those who are thus subject to violent vicissitudes in their affairs to support the policy which shall bring the country to *specie payments*. It will be found to be the only road to safety and prosperity, both for individuals and the public.

MURDER AND SENTIMENTALITY.

A FEW weeks ago, while the Boston Cadets were feasting General MAGRUDER, the rebel commander at Great Bethel, Union men in Georgia, according to General TERRY, were murdered at the pleasure of the Ku-Klux bands. There is, he says, no security for life or property, and magistrates neither will nor can do justice. Do the worthy members of the Company of Cadets see no relation between the two facts? Their invitation to General MAGRUDER does not, indeed, directly occasion the slaughter of innocent Union men; but it does indirectly. The lesson which the disaffected element in the Southern States is so painfully slow to learn is that we understand our own victory, not as one of vengeance, but of principle. And how can we expect them ever to learn it if we do not show it in every intelligible way? General MAGRUDER threw up the commission of his country to fight against his flag, at the command of a State, for the purpose of perpetuating human slavery. Is this an act which the Boston Cadets think worthy of especial honor? Or is it done to show that they have no ill feeling? But nobody charged it upon them. Or is it done because they think that General MAGRUDER was as honest as they were? Would they, then, have feasted JEFFERSON DAVIS and RAPHAEL SEMMES?

To bring the matter home, would the commander of the Cadets, when they went to the war, be now made the honored object of hilarious and respectful junketings by the Palmetto Guard and the Louisiana Tigers? We would not erect those bodies into models, nor do evil because our neighbor will not do well; but we would not certainly honor conspicuous rebels while the rebel spirit slaughtered our brethren; and we certainly should not expect the slaughter to stop until we showed that we respected ourselves and our power sufficiently to abstain from honoring those who might stop it. The country should have no time to consider the sentimental question, "Are you going to fight forever?" until it had stopped the crimes which General TERRY describes as rife in Georgia.

There is this advantage in the councils of extreme men, as they are called—that they understand each other. Set a thief, if you choose, to catch a thief. Fight fire with fire. These are exhortations that grow out of the depths of experience. It may not be an agreeable truth, but it is still a truth, that such a man as THADDEUS STEVENS understood better how to deal with rebels than any more moderate man; and for the reason that he was of a like resolution and temper with them, but patriotically and nobly directed. The policy of reconstruction which has been adopted was the result of a situation which Mr. STEVENS, and men like him, instinctively divined. When he spoke of confiscation and military rule and territorial condition, there was a general shuddering even among his own party friends. He was vigorously denounced as blood-thirsty and vindictive by the opposition. But he always quietly answered in substance, why is the blood of enemies more precious than that of friends?

He did not, indeed, advise bloodshed. But he was of opinion that the blood of rebels should be spilled rather than that of Union men of any color. He knew, also, that it was necessary, by a thorough and radical reorganization of society in the rebel States, to show the rebel spirit that the country fully comprehended its own victory, and would certainly secure it. He knew that the contempt of "the North" was ingrained and traditional in "the South," and that the shortest and surest way of peace was to show a perfect readiness upon the part of "the North" to use its superior strength to establish its policy.

His view of the situation was correct. It implied nothing vindictive, nothing unjust. Gradually events showed its wisdom. The conduct of the South when ANDREW JOHNSON began the reaction—the New Orleans and Memphis massacres—the black codes—the Ku-Klux—and finally, the total subjection of the Democratic National Convention of 1868 to the rebel chiefs—all revealed the actual facts and spirit with which the country has to deal.

That condition virtually remains. Nobody, of course, expects that any system will instantly pacify a State so long demoralized by the barbarism of slavery, and then so riven with civil war as Georgia. But because every thing may not be done at once, it would be extremely foolish to endeavor to do nothing. The removal of the colored members of the Legislature was a deliberate defiance of the authority of the United States. Had it been instantly accepted as such by Congress, and the territorial condition been restored, there would be at this moment much more security for life and property in that State than General TERRY reports. So, likewise, when it was proposed that the Cadets in Boston should honor General MAGRUDER, magistrates and juries in Georgia would have been stronger had the Cadets decisively declined.

The remedy is, first of all, moral, then physical. Let the South perceive that we regard the war as a very sober matter—as an enormous crime, the memory and lessons of which are not to be drowned in a slop of sentimentality. Then the leaders will act accordingly; and if not now, in the next generation. It is a very great mistake that we can not wait. Experience proves that we can. Then the immediate remedy is physical. It is a disgrace to the country that it suffers such a condition of things any where in its domain as that reported by General TERRY. If it is proved that Georgia does not protect lives and property, let the United States protect them by any necessary number of soldiers, and for any length of time whatever.

MR. HOAR AND THE SUPREME COURT.

THE nomination of Attorney-General HOAR to the Bench of the Supreme Court is one of the very best that could have been made. When Mr. HOAR was called into the Cabinet he was known in New England as one of the most able and upright of judges. He was universally respected in his State as one of the strongest men of his party; and not the least of his excellent qualities was his vigorous independence, which, with his soundness of judgment, a certain masculine good sense, and his legal learning, have undoubtedly warmly commended him to the President, who could not fail especially to like and to trust so clear-headed, able, and sincere a man as the Attorney-General. The Cabinet will be weakened by his promotion to the Bench; and it is not at all unlikely that it would be personally agreeable to Mr. HOAR to remain in his present position during General GRANT's term. But he could not wisely decline the permanent and honorable position to which the President has nominated him.

It is now, however, reported from Washington that the Judiciary Committee of the Senate will report Mr. HOAR's name without a recommendation. For their own honor, we hope that the report is incorrect. His spotless character, his ability, his professional accomplishment and experience are unquestionable. His political principle is of as decided Republicanism as that of any Senator. The real ground of objection, therefore, must be his hearty contempt of the system that makes the whole civil service party plunder. He has adopted perhaps the principle laid down by the President in his Message, of sustaining efficient officers "against remonstrance wholly political." He has possibly declined to put out one faithful and able Republican for the purpose of putting in another. He may have said that, when he found a better man for a particular office than the incumbent, he would appoint him. These are not exactly the grounds upon which a Republican Senate ought to decline to support such a man for such a position. Indeed, if there be any nomination which the Senate ought to confirm instantly, unanimously, and gladly, it is that of Mr. HOAR to the Supreme Bench.

MR. MUNGEN.

EVERY body is very much obliged to Mr. MUNGEN. Mr. MUNGEN is a representative from Ohio, and he read recently in the House a long and careful essay in favor of repudiation. There is no reason whatever to suppose that Mr. MUNGEN does not pay his own honest debts, and it would be interesting, if there were only time enough for unimportant inquiries, to know why he advises that the country should defraud its creditors. Yet, as a party man, Mr. MUNGEN might truly say that, as his party had appealed to the country upon a policy of *quasi* repudiation, he was merely following the party lead in proposing it. But the result showed that he reckoned without his party.

Mr. BROOKS, General SLOCUM, Mr. COX, Judge WOODWARD, and others immediately sprang to their feet, and, to Mr. MUNGEN's dismay, vehemently repudiated Mr. MUNGEN's repudiation.

General SLOCUM declared that no party tie, and no hope of political advancement, would ever induce him to favor any measure which did not look to fulfilling both the spirit and the letter of the law creating the debt. Mr. COX and Mr. WOODWARD also vigorously denounced the doctrine of Mr. MUNGEN, and sought to show that the Republican party was a repudiating party—an effort in which their success was not remarkable.

Seeing the Democratic party in the House upon the stool of repentance, Mr. GARFIELD suggested a resolution that the House, without distinction of party, declare that a proposition of repudiation is unworthy the honor of the nation. The resolution was adopted by a vote of 123 to Mr. JONES of Kentucky, who thought that, under some circumstances, he might favor some kind of repudiation. Of the sixty-three Democrats in the House, however, only twenty-four voted in favor of the resolution, so that it is only a minority which has pronounced against repudiation.

But the result is nevertheless significant. *Pur si muove.* The same conviction and good sense in the American mind that resisted the demands of the slaveholders, supported by the Democratic party, to extend and perpetuate slavery; that accepted the war in consequence of that resistance, and fought it steadily through to unconditional victory; that emancipated the slaves, and gave them civil and political rights; that rejected all the sophistries and disregarded all the menaces of the Johnsonian reaction, has now triumphed over the demand for repudiation.

It is proof of the fact that the public mind is still healthful, and that "moral ideas" are not fatal even to a political party. Had the Democratic candidates in 1868 been elected upon a platform of virtual or conditional repudiation, the House in 1869 would not have unanimously passed such a resolution as that of General GARFIELD. The election of Mr. SEYMOUR would have been as cogent proof of the essential demoralization of the public mind as the passage of the GARFIELD resolution is proof of the general conviction, even among the Democratic leaders, that the country believes honesty to be the best policy.

INTERNATIONAL GOOD-WILL.

GREAT BRITAIN just now loses no opportunity of showing her good-will to the United States. Not only is GEORGE PEABODY honored and mourned as very few British subjects would be, but Lord LYONS, the English Embassador in Paris, gives a dinner to General BANKS, and the London *Times* says that if Mr. MOTLEY proposes that the *Alabama* negotiations be reopened at Washington, at Washington it shall be. The *Times* further says, what is very evident: "We shall never arrive at the restoration of friendship if we are to begin in the spirit of pettifogging attorneys. American writers and statesmen may remember with advantage that our blood is, after all, not very different from their own. Englishmen have susceptibilities as well as Americans. It is not probable that we shall be drawn toward the Americans by the suggestion that we are insincere, and bent on hoodwinking those with whom we profess to be dealing openly. This is sensible; and indeed every thing shows a disposition which is very promising for honorable negotiations.

But it can hardly be agreeable to Mr. MOTLEY that the offer of the *Times* should be made as if a change of the scene of negotiations had been demanded; nor was its previous suggestion flattering, that other persons than our Minister should be called into the negotiation upon our side. The *Times* has certainly an ingenious clumsiness even when it apparently means to be friendly. To remove the negotiation from the capital in which our Minister resides, or to place it in other hands, would be simply to declare that he should be recalled. Now, when Mr. MOTLEY was appointed, the chief question between his country and England was that of the *Alabama* claims. If he had not been considered competent to deal with it, according to the views of the Administration, the *Times* may be very sure that he could not have been confirmed. Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON was an opposition nomination from an opposition administration, and was confirmed merely because of a foolish custom of the Senate. But Mr. MOTLEY is heartily in accord with the Administration, and—is that where the shoe pinched?—he is the especial friend of Mr. SUMNER. In him, at all events, the *Times* and England can see a just representative of the American feeling—and they must have had quite enough of the other kind in his immediate predecessor.

NOTES.

THE Harvard crew, with the exception of Mr. SIMMONS, have published a card disavowing Mr. WILLIAM BLAKIE's article upon the race in *Harper's Monthly*, and Mr. BLAKIE has replied. He thinks, as he was with the crew twelve hours a day through the preparation for the race, and upon the great day, and was really their Secretary, whatever he may have been called, receiving and answering letters in their name, that he knew their views and had expressed them. It is a pity that there should be any difference upon the subject; but if the article did not speak the sentiments of the crew, they have done right in saying so. It is almost impossible, under such exciting and remarkable circumstances as those of the race, that there should not be some suspicion or ill feeling. But there seems no reason to suppose that the Harvard men cherish any other feeling than that of honorable rivalry toward the Oxonians.

"The Brunonian" is the title of a comely little magazine published by the students of Brown University, which every graduate and friend of Brown will find very entertaining, not only from association, but from the shrewd comments in the department called "Home Matters," upon subjects interesting to all Brunonians. It is only a dollar and a half a year; and is there any of the sons of Brown who does not love her memory to that amount?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 13.—In the Senate, Mr. Morton's bill in regard to reconstruction in Georgia was reported as amended by the Judiciary Committee. It provides for convening the old Legislature, excluding from their seats such members as are ineligible under the Fourteenth Amendment, but no one on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude; empowers the President to enforce the act, using the army and navy if necessary, and makes the Legislature provisional until further Congressional action. In the House, the mammoth New York petition for the recognition of Cuba was presented, under a suspension of the rules. A message from the President was received, containing the announcement of Secretary Fish of such States as had, up to December 9, ratified the Constitutional Amendment. These were: Missouri (defective), Kansas (defective), North Carolina, West Virginia, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Maine, Louisiana, Michigan, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, Arkansas, Connecticut, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, New York, New Hampshire, Nevada, Vermont, Virginia.

December 14.—In both Houses the session was mostly occupied with eulogies on the late Senator Fessenden.

December 15.—In the Senate, Senator Carpenter's resolution to detain the Spanish gun-boats at New York was debated. It was opposed by Senator Sumner, and after considerable discussion was laid over. Senator Morrill, of Vermont, made a long speech upon his bill amending the Eight-Hour law, making ten hours a day's work. In the House, the Avondale calamity was brought up, and the Committee on Mines and Mining was instructed to investigate the cause of the disaster.

December 16.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced favoring a line of American mail steamships to Europe and ports in India and China, by the way of the Suez Canal. In the House, messages were received from the President declining to furnish the correspondence with Minister Sickles in regard to Cuba, and giving notice of the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment by Alabama. On the House going into Committee of the Whole on that portion of the President's Message relating to the finances, Mr. Mungen, of Ohio, made a speech in favor of repudiating the National Debt, whereupon Messrs. Brooks, of New York, Randall, Potter, Slocum, Cox, Kerr, and Woodward—all Democrats—rose, one by one, and declared their opposition to repudiation. A resolution was afterward adopted in the House by a vote of 123 to 1 (Mr. Jones, of Kentucky), declaring repudiation a national dishonor. The Cuban question was also debated in Committee by Messrs. Fitch and Willard, the latter defending the policy of the Message.

December 17.—In the Senate, the day was taken up with the discussion of various bills; but no action of importance was taken on any of them. The House was not in session.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

It is reported that Minister Motley has proposed the transfer of the *Alabama* negotiations to Washington, and that the question of the neutrality of the seas be included. The British Government is said to have acceded to both propositions.

For some time quite a vigorous rebellion against the lawful authorities has existed in the Red River territory. Late advices represent that a large number of Swamp Indians and British half-breeds had been organized to support the Governor, and that they were about to march at once upon the insurgents at Fort Garry. The commander of the latter had called in his reserves, and hostilities were imminent. It was feared that if a conflict should begin, the Indians, from the Saskatchewan to the Rocky Mountains, would unite in a war of extermination against the white settlers.

The Methodist Episcopal State Convention, assembled at Boston on the 15th December, passed resolutions asking for a full report from the Committee who recently investigated the affairs of the Book Concern in New York, and urging the Sub-Committee to continue the investigation.

The Kentucky Legislature, on the 16th December, elected John W. Stevenson United States Senator.

On December 18 a coal mine at Stockton, Pennsylvania, caved in, filling up the tunnel and shaft, and choking the entrance. Several dwelling-houses were carried down a distance of forty feet, and the inmates instantly crushed to death. It is supposed that a number of people who were in the mine at the time were killed. The disaster is ascribed to working the mine too near the surface, there being a thickness of only twenty feet of earth between the foundations of the houses and the mine.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE remains of the late Mr. Peabody were, on December 13, removed on board the British man-of-war *Monarch*, at Portsmouth, and were consigned to the care of Captain Commerell, the commander of the vessel, by Mr. Motley, the United States Minister, in behalf of the relatives and executors of Mr. Peabody. During the ceremony minute-guns were fired from H.M. ship *Duke of Wellington*, and the vessels in the harbor displayed their colors at half-mast and dipped their ensigns. The United States ship *Plymouth* is to accompany the *Monarch* across the Atlantic.

It is reported from Rome that the Pope urges the placing of Gallican Bishops on leading committees in the Council, and that the decree dissolving the Council in the event of his death is designed to prevent the election of any but an Italian to the Papal chair. A rumor that his Holiness had suffered a shock of apoplexy caused great anxiety in Europe. The Council will be reconvened on the 6th of January. The French Bishops have protested against the Pope's interference in the deliberations, but he is sustained by the Spanish clergy.

Cardinal Pantini, a native of Rome, died in that city on December 18, at the age of seventy-two years. This leaves sixteen vacancies in the College of Cardinals, none of which, it is said, will be filled while the Œcumenical Council is in session.

Late advices from Mexico give accounts of the festivities in honor of ex-Secretary Seward. The political affairs of the country were in a very unsettled condition. At Puebla a mob had attacked a Protestant congregation during service. The rioters are said to have been led by an ex-Imperialist, and urged on by the priests. A number of persons were fatally injured, and an endeavor was made to burn the Protestants alive, using Bibles for fuel.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

MR. BISHOPRIGGS.

The knock at the door was repeated—a louder knock than before.

"Are you deaf?" shouted Arnold.

The door opened, little by little, an inch at a time. Mr. Bishopriggs appeared mysteriously, with the cloth for dinner over his arm, and with his second in command behind him, bearing "the furnishing of the table" (as it was called at Craig Fernie) on a tray.

"What the deuce were you waiting for?" asked Arnold. "I told you to come in."

"And *I* tauld *you*," answered Mr. Bishopriggs, "that I wadna come in without knocking first. Eh, man!" he went on, dismissing his second in command, and laying the cloth with his own venerable hands, "d'ye think I've lived in this hottle in blinded eegnorance of hoo young married couples pass the time when they're left to themselves? Twa knocks at the door—and an unco trouble in opening it, after that—is joost the least ye can do for them! Whar' do ye think, noo, I'll set the places for you and your leddy there?"

Anne walked away to the window, in undisguised disgust. Arnold found Mr. Bishopriggs to be quite irresistible. He answered, humoring the joke,

"One at the top and one at the bottom of the table, I suppose?"

"One at tap and one at bottom?" repeated Mr. Bishopriggs, in high disdain. "De'il a bit of it! Baith yer chairs as close together as chairs can be. Hech! hech!—haven't I caught 'em, after goodness knows hoo many preleeminary knocks at the door, dining on their husbands' knees, and steemulating a man's appetite by feeding him at the fork's end, like a child? Eh!" sighed the sage of Craig Fernie, "it's a short life wi' that nuptial business, and a merry one! A month for yer billin' and cooin'; and a' the rest o' yer days for wondering ye were ever such a fule, and wishing it was a' to be done ower again.—Ye'll be for a bottle o' sherry wine, nae doot? and a drap toddy afterwards, to do yer digestin on?"

Arnold nodded—and then, in obedience to a signal from Anne, joined her at the window. Mr. Bishopriggs looked after them attentively—observed that they were talking in whispers—and approved of that proceeding, as representing another of the established customs of young married couples at inns, in the presence of third persons appointed to wait on them.

"Ay! ay!" he said, looking over his shoulder at Arnold, "gae to your deerie! gae to your deerie! and leave a' the solid business o' life to Me. Ye've Screepture warrant for it. A man maun leave fether and mother (I'm yer fether), and cleave to his wife. My certie! 'cleave' is a strong word—there's nae sort o' doot aboot it, when it comes to 'cleaving!'" He wagged his head thoughtfully, and walked to the side-table in a corner, to cut the bread.

As he took up the knife, his one wary eye detected a morsel of crumpled paper, lying lost between the table and the wall. It was the letter from Geoffrey, which Anne had flung from her, in the first indignation of reading it—and which neither she nor Arnold had thought of since.

"What's that I see yonder?" muttered Mr. Bishopriggs, under his breath. "Mair litter in the room, after I've doosted and tidied it wi' my ain hands!"

He picked up the crumpled paper, and partly opened it. "Eh! what's here? Writing on it in ink? and writing on it in pencil? Who may this belong to?" He looked round cautiously toward Arnold and Anne. They were both still talking in whispers, and both standing with their backs to him, looking out of the window. "Here it is, clean forgotten and dune with!" thought Mr. Bishopriggs. "Noo what would a fule do, if he fund this? A fule wad light his pipe wi' it, and then wonder whether he wadna ha' dune better to read it first. And what wad a wise man do, in a seemilar position?" He practically answered that question by putting the letter into his pocket. It might be worth keeping, or it might not; five minutes' private examination of it would decide the alternative, at the first convenient opportunity. "Am gaun' to breeng the dinner in!" he called out to Arnold. "And, mind ye, there's nae knocking at the door possible, when I've got the tray in baith my hands, and, mairs the pity, the gout in baith my feet." With that friendly warning, Mr. Bishopriggs went his way to the regions of the kitchen.

Arnold continued his conversation with Anne, in terms which showed that the question of his leaving the inn had been the question once more discussed between them while they were standing at the window.

"You see we can't help it," he said. "The waiter has gone to bring the dinner in. What will they think in the house, if I go away already, and leave 'my wife' to dine alone?"

It was so plainly necessary to keep up appearances for the present, that there was nothing more to be said. Arnold was committing a serious imprudence—and yet, on this occasion, Arnold was right. Anne's annoyance at feeling that conclusion forced on her produced the first betrayal of impatience which she had shown yet. She left Arnold at the window, and flung herself on the sofa. "A curse seems to follow me!" she thought, bitterly. "This will end ill—and I shall be answerable for it!"

In the mean time Mr. Bishopriggs had found the dinner in the kitchen, ready, and waiting for him. Instead of at once taking the tray on which it was placed into the sitting-room, he conveyed it privately into his own pantry, and shut the door.

"Lie ye there, my freend, till the spare moment comes—and I'll look at ye again," he said, putting the letter away carefully in the dresser-drawer. "Noo aboot the dinner o' they twa turtle-doves in the parlor?" he continued, directing his attention to the dinner-tray. "I maun joost see that the cook's dune her duty—the creatures are no' capable o' decidin' that knotty point for their ain selves." He took off one of the covers, and picked bits, here and there, out of the dish with the fork. "Eh! eh! the collops are no' that bad!" He took off another cover, and shook his head in solemn doubt. "Here's the green meat. I doot green meat's windy diet for a man at my time o' life!" He put the cover on again, and tried the next dish. "The fesh? What the de'il does the woman fry the trout for? Boil it next time, ye betch, wi' a pinch o' saut and a spunefu' o' vinegar." He drew the cork from a bottle of sherry, and decanted the wine. "The sherry wine?" he said, in tones of deep feeling, holding the decanter up to the light. "Hoo do I know but what it may be corkit? I maun taste and try. It's on my conscience, as an honest man, to taste and try."

He forthwith relieved his conscience—copiously. There was a vacant space, of no inconsiderable dimensions, left in the decanter. Mr. Bishopriggs gravely filled it up from the water-bottle. "Eh! it's joost addin' ten years to the age o' the wine. The turtle-doves will be nane the waur—and I mysel' am a glass o' sherry the better. Praise Providence for a' its maircies!" Having relieved himself of that devout aspiration, he took up the tray again, and decided on letting the turtle-doves have their dinner.

The conversation in the parlor (dropped for the moment) had been renewed, in the absence of Mr. Bishopriggs. Too restless to remain long in one place, Anne had risen again from the sofa, and had rejoined Arnold at the window.

"Where do your friends at Lady Lundie's believe you to be now?" she asked, abruptly.

"I am believed," replied Arnold, "to be meeting my tenants, and taking possession of my estate."

"How are you to get to your estate to-night?"

"By railway, I suppose. By-the-by, what excuse am I to make for going away after dinner? We are sure to have the landlady in here before long. What will she say to my going off by myself to the train, and leaving 'my wife' behind me?"

"Mr. Brinkworth! that joke—if it *is* a joke—is worn out!"

"I beg your pardon," said Arnold.

"You may leave your excuse to me," pursued Anne. "Do you go by the up train, or the down?"

"By the up train."

The door opened suddenly; and Mr. Bishopriggs appeared with the dinner. Anne nervously separated herself from Arnold. The one available eye of Mr. Bishopriggs followed her reproachfully, as he put the dishes on the table.

"I warned ye baith, it was a clean impossibility to knock at the door this time. Don't blame me, young madam—don't blame *me!*"

"Where will you sit?" asked Arnold, by way of diverting Anne's attention from the familiarities of Father Bishopriggs.

"Any where!" she answered, impatiently; snatching up a chair, and placing it at the bottom of the table.

Mr. Bishopriggs politely, but firmly, put the chair back again in its place.

"Lord's sake! what are ye doin'? It's clean contrary to a' the laws and customs o' the honey-mune, to sit as far away from your husband as that!"

He waved his persuasive napkin to one of the two chairs placed close together at the table. Arnold interfered once more, and prevented another outbreak of impatience from Anne.

"What does it matter?" he said. "Let the man have his way."

"Get it over as soon as you can," she returned. "I can't, and won't, bear it much longer."

They took their places at the table, with Father Bishopriggs behind them, in the mixed character of major domo and guardian angel.

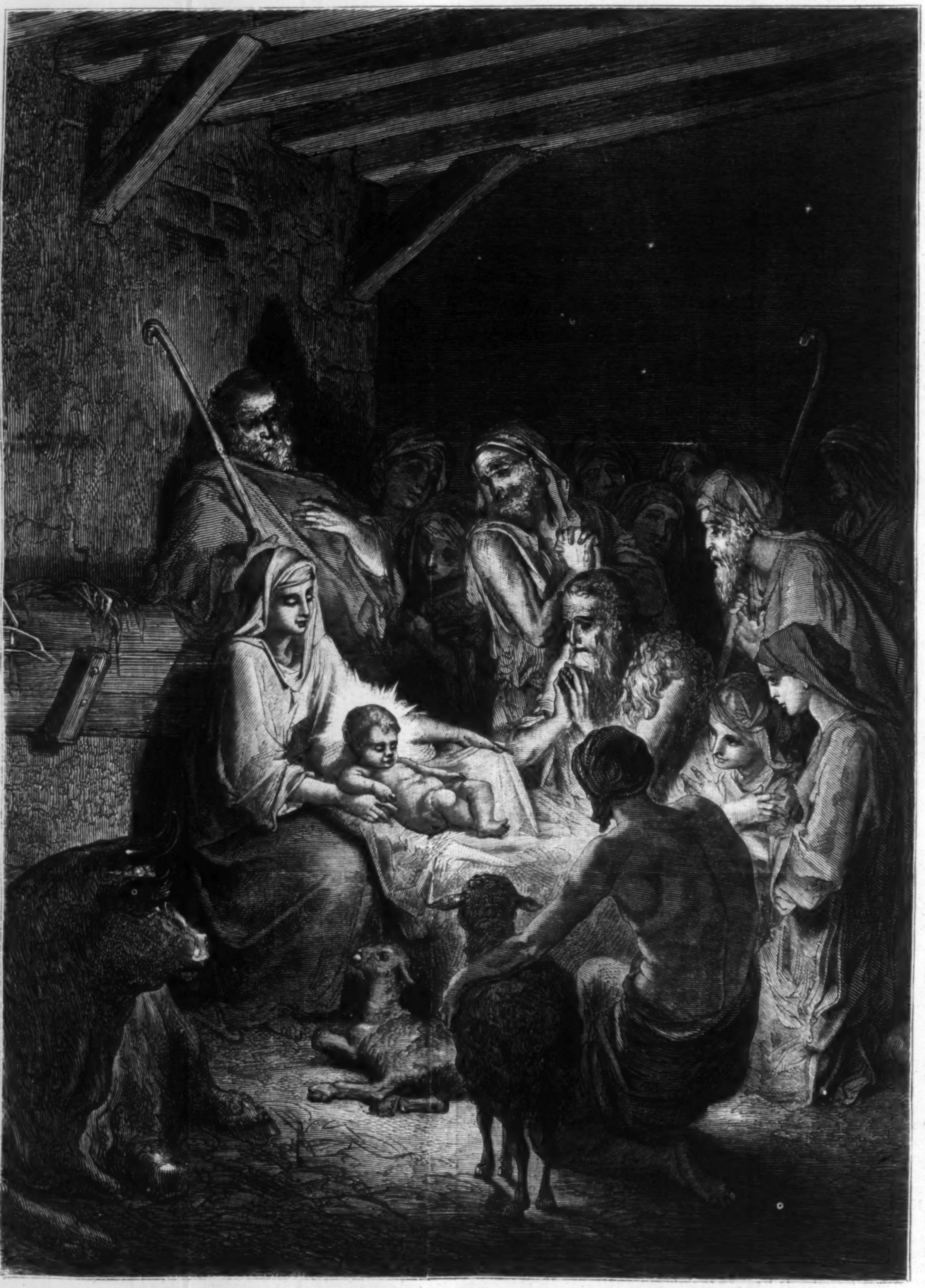
"Here's the trout!" he cried, taking the cover off with a flourish. "Half an hour since, he was loupin' in the water. There he lies noo, fried in the dish. An emblem o' human life for ye! When ye can spare any leisure time from yer twa selves, meditate on that."

Arnold took up the spoon, to give Anne one of the trout. Mr. Bishopriggs clapped the cover on the dish again, with a countenance expressive of devout horror.

"Is there naebody gaun' to say grace?" he asked.

"Come! come!" said Arnold. "The fish is getting cold."

Mr. Bishopriggs piously closed his available eye, and held the cover firmly on the dish. "For what ye're gaun' to receive, may ye baith be truly thankful!" He opened his available eye, and whipped the cover off again. "My conscience is easy noo.—Fall to! Fall to!"



THE NATIVITY.

"Send him away!" said Anne. "His familiarity is beyond all endurance."

"You needn't wait," said Arnold.

"Eh! but I'm here to wait," objected Mr. Bishopriggs. "What's the use o' my gaun' away, when ye'll want me anon to change the plates for ye?" He considered for a moment (privately consulting his experience); and arrived at a satisfactory conclusion as to Arnold's motive for wanting to get rid of him. "Tak' her on yer knee," he whispered in Arnold's ear, "as soon as ye like! Feed him at the fork's end," he added to Anne, "whenever ye please! I'll think of something else, and look out at the proaspect." He winked—and went to the window.

"Come! come!" said Arnold to Anne. "There's a comic side to all this. Try and see it as I do."

Mr. Bishopriggs returned from the window, and announced the appearance of a new element of embarrassment in the situation at the inn.

"My certie!" he said, "it's weel ye cam' when ye did. It's ill getting to this hottle in a storm."

Anne started, and looked round at him. "A storm coming!" she exclaimed.

"Eh! ye're well hoosed here—ye needn't mind it. There's the cloud down the valley," he added, pointing out of the window, "coming up one way, when the wind's blawing the other. The storm's brewing, my leddy, when ye see that!"

There was another knock at the door. As Arnold had predicted, the landlady made her appearance on the scene.

"I ha' just lookit in, Sir," said Mrs. Inchbare, addressing herself exclusively to Arnold, "to see ye've got what ye want."

"Oh! you are the landlady? Very nice, ma'am—very nice."

Mistress Inchbare had her own private motive for entering the room, and came to it without further preface.

"Ye'll excuse me, Sir," she proceeded. "I wasna in the way when ye cam' here, or I suld ha' made bauld to ask ye the question which I maun e'en ask noo. Am I to understand that ye hire these rooms for yersel', and this leddy here—yer wife?"

Anne raised her head to speak. Arnold pressed her hand warningly, under the table, and silenced her.

"Certainly," he said. "I take the rooms for myself, and this lady here—my wife!"

Anne made a second attempt to speak.

"This gentleman—" she began.

Arnold stopped her for the second time.

"This gentleman?" repeated Mrs. Inchbare, with a broad stare of surprise. "I'm only a puir woman, my leddy—d'ye mean yer husband here?"

Arnold's warning hand touched Anne's, for the third time. Mistress Inchbare's eyes remained fixed on her in merciless inquiry. To have given utterance to the contradiction which trembled on her lips would have been to involve Arnold (after all that he had sacrificed for her) in the scandal which would inevitably follow—a scandal which would be talked of in the neighborhood, and which might find its way to Blanche's ears. White and cold, her eyes never moving from the table, she accepted the landlady's implied correction, and faintly repeated the words: "My husband."

Mistress Inchbare drew a breath of virtuous relief, and waited for what Anne had to say next. Arnold came considerately to the rescue, and got her out of the room.

"Never mind," he said to Anne; "I know what it is, and I'll see about it. She's always like this, ma'am, when a storm's coming," he went on, turning to the landlady. "No, thank you—I know how to manage her. We'll send to you, if we want your assistance."

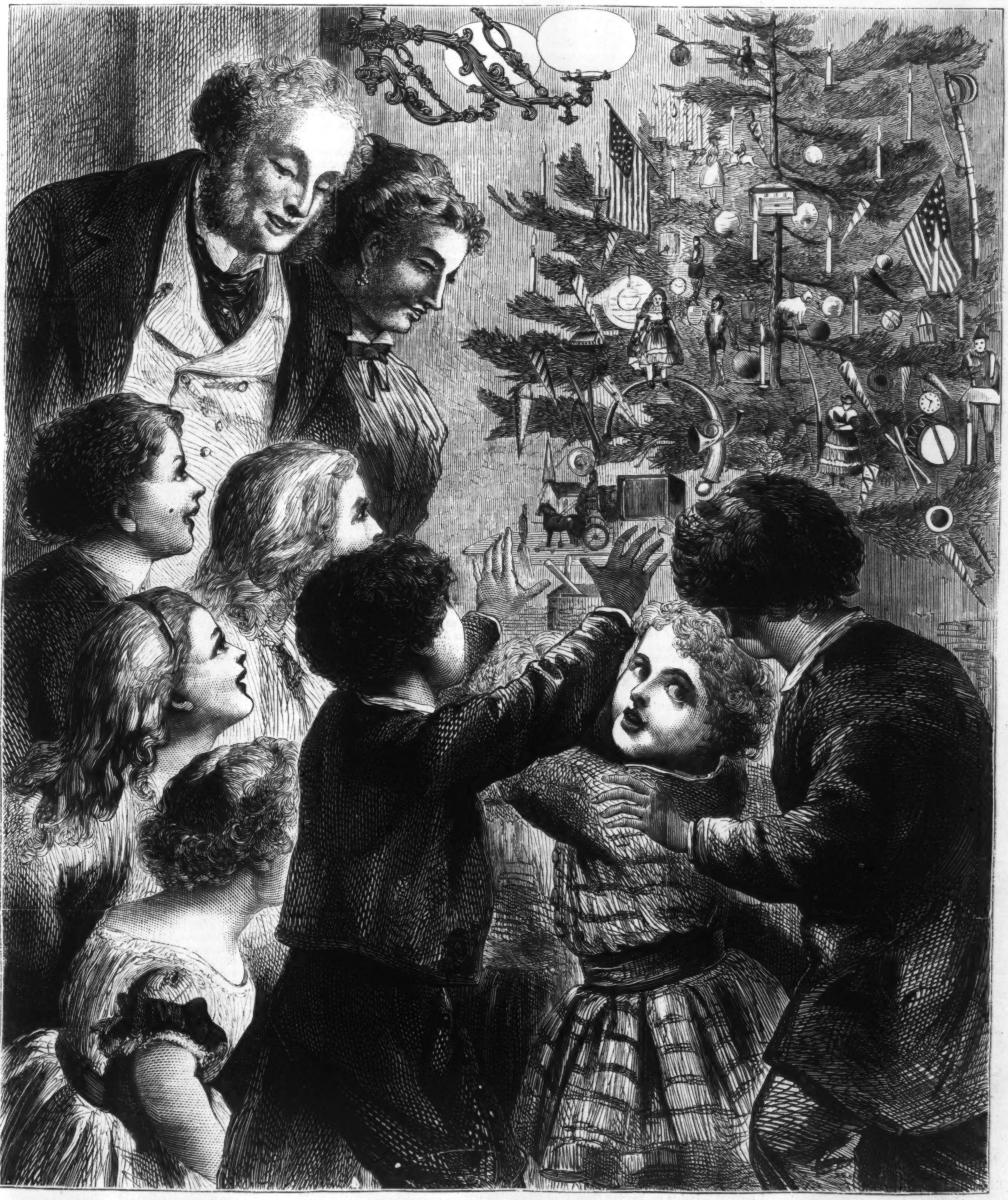
"At yer ain pleasure, Sir," answered Mistress Inchbare. She turned, and apologized to Anne (under protest), with a stiff courtesy. "No offense, my leddy! Ye'll remember that ye cam' here alane, and that the hottle has its ain gude name to keep up." Having once more vindicated "the hottle," she made the long-desired move to the door, and left the room.

"I'm faint!" Anne whispered. "Give me some water."

There was no water on the table. Arnold ordered it of Mr. Bishopriggs—who had remained passive in the back-ground (a model of discreet attention) as long as the mistress was in the room.

"Mr. Brinkworth!" said Anne, when they were alone, "you are acting with inexcusable rashness. That woman's question was an impertinence. Why did you answer it? Why did you force me—?"

She stopped, unable to finish the sentence.



THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

Arnold insisted on her drinking a glass of wine—and then defended himself with the patient consideration for her which he had shown from the first.

"Why didn't I have the inn door shut in your face"—he asked, good-humoredly—"with a storm coming on, and without a place in which you can take refuge? No, no, Miss Silvester! I don't presume to blame you for any scruples you may feel—but scruples are sadly out of place with such a woman as that landlady. I am responsible for your safety to Geoffrey; and Geoffrey expects to find you here. Let's change the subject. The water is a long time coming. Try another glass of wine. No? Well—here is Blanche's health" (he took some of the wine himself), "in the weakest sherry I ever drank in my life." As he set down his glass, Mr. Bishopriggs came in with the water. Arnold hailed him satirically. "Well? have you got the water? or have you used it all for the sherry?"

Mr. Bishopriggs stopped in the middle of the room, thunder-struck at the aspersion cast on the wine.

"Is that the way ye talk of the auldest bottle o' sherry wine in Scotland?" he asked, gravely. "What's the warld coming to? The new generation's a foot beyond my fathoming. The maircies o' Providence, as shown to man in the choicest veentages o' Spain, are clean thrown away on 'em."

"Have you brought the water?"

"I ha' brought the water—and mair than the water. I ha' brought ye news from ootside. There's a company o' gentlemen on horseback, joost cantering by to what they ca' the shootin' cottage, a mile from this."

"Well—and what have we got to do with it?"

"Bide a wee! There's ane o' them has drawn bridle at the hottle, and he's speerin' after the leddy that cam' here alane. The leddy's your leddy, as sure as saxpence. I doot," said Mr. Bishopriggs, walking away to the window, "*that's* what ye've got to do with it."

Arnold looked at Anne.

"Do you expect any body?"

"Is it Geoffrey?"

"Impossible. Geoffrey is on his way to London."

"There he is, any way," resumed Mr. Bishopriggs, at the window. "He's loupin' down from his horse. He's turning this way. Lord save us!" he exclaimed, with a start of consternation, "what do I see? That incarnate deevil, Sir Paitrick himself!"

Arnold sprang to his feet.

"Do you mean Sir Patrick Lundie?"

Anne ran to the window.

"It *is* Sir Patrick!" she said. "Hide yourself before he comes in!"

"Hide myself?"

"What will he think if he sees you with *me?*"

He was Blanche's guardian, and he believed Arnold to be at that moment visiting his new property. What he would think was not difficult to foresee. Arnold turned for help to Mr. Bishopriggs.

"Where can I go?"

Mr. Bishopriggs pointed to the bedroom door.

"Whar' can ye go? There's the nuptial chamber!"

"Impossible!"

Mr. Bishopriggs expressed the utmost extremity of human amazement by a long whistle, on one note.

"Whew! Is that the way ye talk o' the nuptial chamber already?"

"Find me some other place—I'll make it worth your while."

"Eh! there's my paintry! I trow that's some other place; and the door's at the end o' the passage."

Arnold hurried out. Mr. Bishopriggs—evidently under the impression that the case before him was a case of elopement, with Sir Patrick mixed up in it in the capacity of guardian—addressed himself, in friendly confidence, to Anne.

"My certie, mistress! it's ill wark deceivin' Sir Paitrick, if that's what ye've dune. Ye must know, I was ance a bit clerk body in his chambers at Embro—"

The voice of Mistress Inchbare, calling for the head-waiter, rose shrill and imperative from the regions of the bar. Mr. Bishopriggs disappeared. Anne remained, standing helpless by the window. It was plain by this time that the place of her retreat had been discovered at Windygates. The one doubt to decide, now, was whether it would be wise or not to receive Sir Patrick, for the purpose of discovering whether he came as friend or enemy to the inn.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

SIR PATRICK.

The doubt was practically decided before Anne had determined what to do. She was still at the window when the sitting-room door was thrown open, and Sir Patrick appeared, obsequiously shown in by Mr. Bishopriggs.

"Ye're kindly welcome, Sir Paitrick. Hech, Sirs! the sight of you is gude for sair eyne."

Sir Patrick turned and looked at Mr. Bishopriggs—as he might have looked at some troublesome insect which he had driven out of the window, and which had returned on him again.

"What, you scoundrel! have you drifted into an honest employment at last?"

Mr. Bishopriggs rubbed his hands cheerfully, and took his tone from his superior, with supple readiness.

"Ye're always in the right of it, Sir Paitrick! Wut, raal wut in that aboot the honest employment, and me drifting into it. Lord's sake, Sir, hoo well ye wear!"

Dismissing Mr. Bishopriggs by a sign, Sir Patrick advanced to Anne.

"I am committing an intrusion, madam, which must, I am afraid, appear unpardonable in your eyes," he said. "May I hope you will excuse me when I have made you acquainted with my motive?"

He spoke with scrupulous politeness. His knowledge of Anne was of the slightest possible kind. Like other men, he had felt the attraction of her unaffected grace and gentleness on the few occasions when he had been in her company—and that was all. If he had belonged to the present generation he would, under the circumstances, have fallen into one of the besetting sins of England in these days—the tendency (to borrow an illustration from the stage) to "strike an attitude" in the presence of a social emergency. A man of the present period, in Sir Patrick's position, would have struck an attitude of (what is called) chivalrous respect; and would have addressed Anne in a tone of ready-made sympathy, which it was simply impossible for a stranger really to feel. Sir Patrick affected nothing of the sort. One of the besetting sins of *his* time was the habitual concealment of our better selves—upon the whole, a far less dangerous national error than the habitual advertisement of our better selves, which has become the practice, publicly and privately, of society in this age. Sir Patrick assumed, if any thing, less sympathy on this occasion than he really felt. Courteous to all women, he was as courteous as usual to Anne—and no more.

"I am quite at a loss, Sir, to know what brings you to this place. The servant here informs me that you are one of a party of gentlemen who have just passed by the inn, and who have all gone on except yourself." In those guarded terms Anne opened the interview with the unwelcome visitor, on her side.

Sir Patrick admitted the fact, without betraying the slightest embarrassment.

"The servant is quite right," he said. "I am one of the party. And I have purposely allowed them to go on to the keeper's cottage without me. Having admitted this, may I count on receiving your permission to explain the motive of my visit?"

Necessarily suspicious of him, as coming from Windygates, Anne answered in few and formal words, as coldly as before.

"Explain it, Sir Patrick, if you please, as briefly as possible."

Sir Patrick bowed. He was not in the least offended; he was even (if the confession may be made without degrading him in the public estimation) privately amused. Conscious of having honestly presented himself at the inn in Anne's interests, as well as in the interests of the ladies at Windygates, it appealed to his sense of humor to find himself kept at arm's-length by the very woman whom he had come to benefit. The temptation was strong on him to treat his errand from his own whimsical point of view. He gravely took out his watch, and noted the time to a second, before he spoke again.

"I have an event to relate in which you are interested," he said. "And I have two messages to deliver, which I hope you will not object to receive. The event I undertake to describe in one minute. The messages I promise to dispose of in two minutes more. Total duration of this intrusion on your time—three minutes."

He placed a chair for Anne, and waited until she had permitted him, by a sign, to take a second chair for himself.

"We will begin with the event," he resumed. "Your arrival at this place is no secret at Windygates. You were seen on the foot-road to Craig Fernie by one of the female servants. And the inference naturally drawn is, that you were on your way to the inn. It may be important for you to know this; and I have taken the liberty of mentioning it accordingly." He consulted his watch. "Event related. Time, one minute."

He had excited her curiosity, to begin with. "Which of the women saw me?" she asked, impulsively.

Sir Patrick (watch in hand) declined to prolong the interview by answering any incidental inquiries which might arise in the course of it.

"Pardon me," he rejoined; "I am pledged to occupy three minutes only. I have no room for the woman. With your kind permission, I will get on to the messages next."

Anne remained silent. Sir Patrick went on.

"First message: 'Lady Lundie's compliments to her step-daughter's late governess—with whose married name she is not acquainted. Lady Lundie regrets to say that Sir Patrick, as head of the family, has threatened to return to Edinburgh unless she consents to be guided by his advice in the course she pursues with the late governess. Lady Lundie, accordingly, foregoes her intention of calling at the Craig Fernie inn, to express her sentiments and make her inquiries in person, and commits to Sir Patrick the duty of expressing her sentiments; reserving to herself the right of making her inquiries at the next convenient opportunity. Through the medium of her brother-in-law, she begs to inform the late governess that all intercourse is at an end between them, and that she declines to act as reference in case of future emergency.'—Message textually correct. Expressive of Lady Lundie's view of your sudden departure from the house. Time, two minutes."

Anne's color rose. Anne's pride was up in arms on the spot.

"The impertinence of Lady Lundie's message is no more than I should have expected from her," she said. "I am only surprised at Sir Patrick's delivering it."

"Sir Patrick's motives will appear presently," rejoined the incorrigible old gentleman. "Second message: 'Blanche's fondest love. Is dying to be acquainted with Anne's husband, and to be informed of Anne's married name. Feels indescribable anxiety and apprehension on Anne's account. Insists on hearing from Anne immediately. Longs, as she never longed for any thing yet, to order her pony-chaise and drive full gallop to the inn. Yields, under irresistible pressure, to the exertion of her guardian's authority, and commits the expression of her feelings to Sir Patrick, who is a born tyrant, and doesn't in the least mind breaking other people's hearts.' Sir Patrick (speaking for himself) places his sister-in-law's view and his niece's view, side by side, before the lady whom he has now the honor of addressing, and on whose confidence he is especially careful not to intrude. Reminds the lady that his influence at Windygates, however strenuously he may exert it, is not likely to last forever. Requests her to consider whether his sister-in-law's view and his niece's view, in collision, may not lead to very undesirable domestic results; and leaves her to take the course which seems best to herself under those circumstances.—Second message delivered textually. Time, three minutes. A storm coming on. A quarter of an hour's ride from here to the shooting-cottage. Madam, I wish you good-evening."

He bowed lower than ever—and, without a word more, quietly hobbled out of the room.

Anne's first impulse was (excusably enough, poor soul) an impulse of resentment.

"Thank you, Sir Patrick!" she said, with a bitter look at the closing door. "The sympathy of society with a friendless woman could hardly have been expressed in a more amusing way!"

The little irritation of the moment passed off with the moment. Anne's own intelligence and good sense showed her the position in its truer light.

She recognized in Sir Patrick's abrupt departure Sir Patrick's considerate resolution to spare her from entering into any details on the subject of her position at the inn. He had given her a friendly warning; and he had delicately left her to decide for herself as to the assistance which she might render him in maintaining tranquillity at Windygates. She went at once to a side-table in the room, on which writing materials were placed, and sat down to write to Blanche.

"I can do nothing with Lady Lundie," she thought. "But I have more influence than any body else over Blanche; and I can prevent the collision between them which Sir Patrick dreads."

She began the letter. "My dearest Blanche, I have seen Sir Patrick, and he has given me your message. I will set your mind at ease about me as soon as I can. But, before I say any thing else, let me entreat you, as the greatest favor you can do to your sister and your friend, not to enter into any disputes about me with Lady Lundie, and not to commit the imprudence—the useless imprudence, my love—of coming here." She stopped—the paper swam before her eyes. "My own darling!" she thought, "who could have foreseen that I should ever shrink from the thought of seeing *you?*" She sighed, and dipped the pen in the ink, and went on with the letter.

The sky darkened rapidly as the evening fell. The wind swept in fainter and fainter gusts across the dreary moor. Far and wide over the face of Nature the stillness was fast falling which tells of a coming storm.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

ARNOLD.

Meanwhile Arnold remained shut up in the head-waiter's pantry—chafing secretly at the position forced upon him.

He was, for the first time in his life, in hiding from another person, and that person a man. Twice—stung to it by the inevitable loss of self-respect which his situation occasioned—he had gone to the door, determined to face Sir Patrick boldly; and twice he had abandoned the idea, in mercy to Anne. It would have been impossible for him to set himself right with Blanche's guardian without betraying the unhappy woman whose secret he was bound in honor to keep. "I wish to Heaven I had never come here!" was the useless aspiration that escaped him, as he doggedly seated himself on the dresser to wait till Sir Patrick's departure set him free.

After an interval—not by any means the long interval which he had anticipated—his solitude was enlivened by the appearance of Father Bishopriggs.

"Well?" cried Arnold, jumping off the dresser, "is the coast clear?"

There were occasions when Mr. Bishopriggs became, on a sudden, unexpectedly hard of hearing. This was one of them.

"Hoo do ye find the paintry?" he asked, without paying the slightest attention to Arnold's question. "Snug and private? A Patmos in the weelderness, as ye may say!"

His one available eye, which had begun by looking at Arnold's face, dropped slowly downward, and fixed itself, in mute but eloquent expectation, on Arnold's waistcoat pocket.

"I understand!" said Arnold. "I promised to pay you for the Patmos—eh? There you are!"

Mr. Bishopriggs pocketed the money with a dreary smile and a sympathetic shake of the head. Other waiters would have returned thanks. The sage of Craig Fernie returned a few brief remarks instead. Admirable in many things, Father Bishopriggs was especially great at drawing a moral. He drew a moral on this occasion from his own gratuity.

"There I am—as ye say. Mercy presairve us! ye need the siller at every turn, when there's a woman at yer heels. It's an awfu' reflection—ye canna hae any thing to do wi' the sex they ca' the opposite sex without its being an expense to ye. There's this young leddy o' yours, I doot she'll ha' been an expense to ye from the first. When you were coortin' her, ye did it, I'll go bail, wi' the open hand. Presents and keepsakes, flowers and jewelery, and little dogues. Sair expenses all of them!"

"Hang your reflections! Has Sir Patrick left the inn?"

The reflections of Mr. Bishopriggs declined to be disposed of in any thing approaching to a summary way. On they flowed from their parent source, as slowly and as smoothly as ever!

"Noo ye're married to her, there's her bonnets and goons and under-clothin'—her ribbons, laces, furbelows, and fallals. A sair expense again!"

"What is the expense of cutting your reflections short, Mr. Bishopriggs?"

"Thirdly, and lastly, if ye canna agree wi' her as time gaes on—if there's incompaitibeelity of temper betwixt ye—in short, if ye want a wee bit separation, hech, Sirs! ye pet yer hand in yer poaket, and come to an aimicable understandin' wi' her in that way. Or, maybe she takes ye into Court, and pets *her* hand in *your* poaket, and comes to a hoastile understandin' wi' ye there. Show me a woman—and I'll show ye a man not far off wha' has mair expenses on his back than he ever bairgained for." Arnold's patience would last no longer—he turned to the door. Mr. Bishopriggs, with equal alacrity on his side, turned to the matter in hand. "Yes, Sir! The room is e'en clear o' Sir Paitrick, and the leddy's alane, and waitin' for ye."

In a moment more Arnold was back in the sitting-room.

"Well?" he asked, anxiously. "What is it? Bad news from Lady Lundie's?"

Anne closed and directed the letter to Blanche, which she had just completed. "No," she replied. "Nothing to interest *you.*"

"What did Sir Patrick want?"

"Only to warn me. They have found out at Windygates that I am here."

"That's awkward, isn't it?"

"Not in the least. I can manage perfectly; I have nothing to fear. Don't think of *me*—think of yourself."

"I am not suspected, am I?"

"Thank heaven—no! But there is no knowing what may happen if you stay here. Ring the bell at once, and ask the waiter about the trains."

Struck by the unusual obscurity of the sky at that hour of the evening, Arnold went to the window. The rain had come—and was falling heavily. The view on the moor was fast disappearing in mist and darkness.

"Pleasant weather to travel in!" he said.

"The railway!" Anne exclaimed, impatiently. "It's getting late. See about the railway!"

Arnold walked to the fire-place to ring the bell. The railway time-table hanging over it met his eye.

"Here's the information I want," he said to Anne; "if I only knew how to get at it. 'Down'—'Up'—'A.M.'—'P.M.' What a cursed confusion! I believe they do it on purpose."

Anne joined him at the fire-place.

"I understand it—I'll help you. Did you say it was the up train you wanted?"

"Yes."

"What is the name of the station you stop at?"

Arnold told her. She followed the intricate net-work of lines and figures with her finger—suddenly stopped—looked again to make sure—and turned from the time-table with a face of blank despair. The last train for the day had gone an hour since.

In the silence which followed that discovery, a first flash of lightning passed across the window, and the low roll of thunder sounded the outbreak of the storm.

LORD LYTTON.

Lord Lytton, better known to American readers as Bulwer, the name under which he first became famous in literature, was born in 1806. It is said that he obtained from his mother, a clever and accomplished woman, more of his early teaching than boys generally receive from their mothers. He was of a studious and rather pensive disposition in youth, and was wont to pass much time at Knebworth, thirty miles north of London, the old ancestral seat of his family; and he has described, with affectionate minuteness, the roomy and stately dimensions of that Elizabethan mansion, and the cool verdure of the park, with its trees, and with the placid sheet of water, upon the sedgy brink of which he used to lie and dream the waking visions of enthusiastic boyhood. He entered Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he paid more attention to the classics than to mathematics, and won the Chancellor's prize for an English poem on "Sculpture." On leaving the university he traveled extensively in his own country and in Europe.

He became an author at an early age. The list of his published novels begins in 1827 with "Falkland;" and from that time he wrote one or two every year. "Pelham," "The Disowned," "Devereux," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," and many others, followed each other in rapid succession, and each met with a flattering measure of popularity. In 1836 he first entered the lists as a dramatic writer. "The Duchess De la Valière" was a failure; but "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu" were very successful, and have ever since kept possession of the stage as popular acting plays. "Money," a later comedy, was also very well received. His attempts at original poetry have not been very successful; "The New Timon," a satirical poem, and "King Arthur," an epic, both published anonymously, the latter in 1849, were coldly received; but his translations from Schiller, his adaptations of old Greek legends in the "Lost Tales of Miletus," and his recent translation of the "Odes" of Horace, display poetic feeling and talent of a very high order.

Lord Lytton's substantial reputation will rest upon works of a very different character from his earlier novels, the tone of which was too often not merely questionable. "Pelham; or, the Confessions of a Gentleman," and "The Disowned" would scarcely be admitted now into a "well-regulated" family library; while in "Paul Clifford" he plunged into the lowest haunts of vice and vulgar villainy, where he literally fell among thieves by his own willful fault. But the works that are most characteristic of Lord LYTTON's mind, and at the same time the most popular among his readers, are "The Caxtons" and "My Novel." The first named is, it is true, half an imitation of "Tristram Shandy," and half a rather commonplace though always interesting narrative; but "My Novel" is a work of thorough originality and enduring popularity. The author, who thought this book worth an affectionate dedication to his brother, may be assumed to have meant, by its title, that he put it forth as his own genuine view of the "Varieties in English Life." It is totally unlike every thing else he has written. A better book, in the spirit which it breathes, in the tone which it sounds, in the repose of feeling, the breadth of contemplation, the purity of style, has been written by no English novelist of our day. The inhabitants of the rural village of Hazeldean; the Squire's family; good Parson Dale and his quick-tempered wife; Dr. Riccabocca, the Italian exile, with his quaint sagacity and his Quixotic oddity, are perfectly alive; while the folk in London—Mr. Audley Egerton, the statesman; Harley L'Estrange, his generous eccentric friend; the ambitious schemer, Randal Leslie; wild John Burley, the hack writer; strong Richard Avenel, the Radical who has been in America—seem almost equally real. His novel "What will He Do with It" is greatly inferior to either of the preceding. Lord LYTTON's latest work is a sprightly comedy in rhyme, entitled, "Walpole; or, Every Man has his Price," which will appear in the February Number of *Harper's Magazine*.

In 1838, Mr. BULWER's literary and social distinction, added to his constant attachment to the Liberal party, induced Lord MELBOURNE's government to confer a baronetcy upon him; and in 1843, by royal permission, he took the name of LYTTON, instead of BULWER, for his surname, on coming into possession, by his mother's will, of the estates in Hertfordshire, to which she was sole heiress. The LYTTONS, formerly the ROBINSONS, were an ancient Denbighshire family, allied to the TUDORS, and to the old sovereign princes of North Wales. In 1852 Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, having attached himself to the Conservative party, though in many points a Liberal, was returned to Parliament for the county of Hertford, after ten years' absence from political life. He was Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord DERBY's second Ministry, in 1858; and in 1866, when Lord DERBY was again Premier, Sir EDWARD was raised to the Peerage.

Lord LYTTON, having been married in 1827, has a son, the Hon. EDWARD ROBERT BULWER LYTTON, born in 1831, whose poetical works, bearing the assumed name of "Owen Meredith," have been received with much favor. He is English Secretary of Legation at Vienna.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE custom of decking houses and churches at Christmas with evergreens is as old as the ancient Druids. It was an old and odd fancy that when the nipping frosts came, sylvan spirits flocked to the evergreen trees, and remained there, unchilled, until milder days. Ivy, holly, rosemary, laurel, mistletoe, hawthorn, and yew, were favorite trimmings at Christmas festivities, and bright berries and blossoms enlivened the deep greens. There was a famous hawthorn in the church-yard of Glastonbury Abbey, which always budded on the 24th and blossomed on the 25th of December. After the change of style, it was observed that it blossomed on January 5, which would have been Christmas-day, O. S. It is said that slips from this plant are still in existence, which blossom on that day. Another custom, indicative of social enjoyment and friendly hospitality, was the kindling of a glowing fire, made of great logs, the principal of which was called the Yule log, or Christmas block. This fire was kept burning brightly for many days, and sometimes for weeks.

Many of the old customs have come down to us—and where they have been changed, the significance remains. Christmas is not only as in Germany, emphatically the "children's festival," but the time above all others when peace and good-will should abound.

"O Peace and Love and Charity, *ye* are the Christmas flowers
Whose blossoms can make glad at Yule this garden land of ours!
What recks it, then, that Nature's face is wreathed in crown of snow,
Or that the crimson rose of June within her grave lies low?
Are there not springing in our hearts perennial flowers still—
Glad evergreens, bright evergreens, of friendship and good-will?"

There is a "fastest trip on record" across the Atlantic about every other week! The matter has become a standard controversy.

There are a goodly number of mothers in these days who are sensible enough to clothe their little girls comfortably, when cold weather demands warm flannels. Yet there is good reason why the following questions should be asked—and answered: Why should delicate, house-bred little girls wear upon their legs only thin muslin drawers and fine cotton stockings, while the great strong men, who are their fathers, wear stout, warm cloth both for drawers and pantaloons, and leather boot-legs besides? Why should the little girls go with their arms and shoulders bare, while their fathers have shirts and lined coat-sleeves on their arms? Why?

A Milwaukee bank was lately the scene of a curious incident, and only just escaped a heavy financial transaction! An elderly, well-dressed gentleman entered the bank and drew a check in a business-like manner, which he passed to the paying teller. Upon looking at the signature the teller was somewhat surprised to find it that of no less distinguished a person than C. Vanderbilt, and the check was drawn for the very handsome little sum of *ten million dollars*. The gentleman appeared unconcerned, as if he was accustomed to draw these little checks every day; and a scrutinizing glance convinced the teller that he was insane, and might be a dangerous customer. So he asked him if he was in a hurry, saying it might take some time to count the money. The stranger said he was not; that he had come on to Milwaukee to buy the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad; that he had made the purchase for $10,000,000, and if they would certify the check, it would answer all purposes. He continued to talk excitedly about what he was going to do with the route, and what a great thing it would be for Milwaukee, until a policeman, who had been sent for, came in. The stranger proved to be a Detroit gentleman, who was suffering under temporary insanity. He was perfectly harmless and went away quietly, though he created something of a sensation in the bank for a few moments.

A young and pretty lady in New Orleans has undertaken a novel missionary work, which is likely to expose her to criticism, though she is evidently sincerely in earnest. She is visiting the concert-saloons in that city for the purpose of reforming the *habitués* of those establishments. Her method is to sing a few hymns at each place, accompanying herself on the piano, when she can obtain the use of one.

How singular it is that any name which has become celebrated or notorious, no matter how disagreeable the associations connected with it, is attached to articles of dress, and the like, as a distinguishing feature, and to increase the sale! In Paris they now have Pantin buttons, Pantin handkerchiefs, and Pantin hats. The latest novelty is Pantin pipes. The stem is encircled with the inscription, "Crime de Pantin;" the bottom of the bowl represents Madame Kinck and her murdered children, while the bowl itself represents Troppmann with a pickaxe and spade in his hands. The sale of this ingenious piece of luxury is said to be immense.

The Italian opera, also the English and French operas, are standard amusements in our city. The Russian opera is a novelty, and will, at least, be a variety. The comic opera of "Ascold's Tomb" was recently presented by the Russian troupe.

A well-behaved young man entered a church in La Crosse a few Sundays ago, and was somewhat surprised to receive a bow as if of recognition from the minister. Still more surprised was he when the minister came to him, and asked him to take a place in the pulpit and make a prayer. "Guess you are mistaken in your man, Sir," said the young man. "You are the gentleman, I believe, with whom I had a conversation yesterday," returned the minister, confidently. "No, Sir," was the reply. "I am an agent for a wholesale liquor house in Chicago." The minister retreated to his pulpit precipitately.

Transfusion of blood is a dangerous and dreaded surgical operation, seldom resorted to even by skillful surgeons. This operation, however, was successfully performed a month or two ago upon a young German woman in this city, who was greatly reduced in strength after an attack of typhus fever, and was apparently dying. As a last hope, the physician proposed to her husband the transfusion of healthy blood from his body into her veins. The vein in the woman's arm was so protected and arranged that every flux and reflux of blood was impossible, as well as the influx of air. The blood was taken from the husband's arm, and the transfusion of about three ounces easily accomplished. The patient underwent the operation with ease, looked immediately refreshed, and said she felt better. She continued to improve, and according to the latest accounts we have seen, was doing well.

The attempt to introduce Hansom cabs into general use in this city is reported to be a failure. At any rate, the cabs, which were to be so cheap and convenient, are not to be found; and it is hinted that the "carriage men" have "bought up" the whole affair. What a pity that New York supplies her citizens with nothing between a six-cent crowded car or a ten-cent omnibus, and a carriage at one dollar and a half an hour!

"She was intensely, exuberantly, and above all things feminine. As one is conscious of the presence of flowers which he does not see, as one feels the air surcharged with electricity before the thunder-storm, so I always felt the influence of idealized womanhood when Christina was near. There was an extraordinary quality of quiet energy in her. It was not the energy which fusses and bustles—to most young men a terribly disenchanting and disagreeable quality. It was an energy which made itself silently felt—a great self-sufficing quality." Justin M'Carthy thus speaks of one of his heroines in "My Enemy's Daughter," which has been recently published as a serial in *Harper's Monthly*. As to the other heroine, "She was absolutely without hypocrisy or deceit of any kind. Whatever Lilla Lyndon was doing when you came in, she kept on doing as unconcernedly as before. You found her darning a stocking perhaps, and she continued the work. You found her in curl-papers, and she volunteered the admission that she was too lazy to take them out that morning, or she wanted her hair to be in particularly good curl that evening. She was ashamed of nothing she did." "My Enemy's Daughter" has been published in book form, and is well worth reading.

In honor of the birth of a son to Prince Humbert, heir to the throne of Italy, the municipality of Naples gave dowries to sixteen young girls, whose prospects of marriage are brightened by the recent event, but on these conditions: Six must bear the name of Margherita; six must be the daughters of veterans or invalids in the army, to be chosen by the commander of the Royal Hospital for the Invalids; and four must be daughters of honest workmen who are members of the Operatives' Society, to be named by the president.

The *Overland Monthly* very justly observes, in an article entitled "Those Americans," that few changes affect a man so disagreeably as changes in his dinner. It is amusing to observe middle-aged, well-to-do Americans at their first experiences of a continental *table d'hôte*. Accustomed to having a full dinner set before them, of their own ordering, and all at the same time, the European dinner, wherein each meat and each vegetable, each pie and each pudding, forms a separate course, finds little favor with them. Not long ago a whole family were stopping at one of the best hotels in Paris. An inquiry was made of the father whether he had not found the hotel satisfactory. "Satisfactory, Sir! Is it satisfactory to any man of sense to have his meat served without potatoes; lettuce and oil made a separate course; and boiled spinach without seasoning called a third? No, Sir; it is *not* satisfactory; and I have eaten my last *table d'hôte*."

At the Hôtel de Tête Noir the orders and soliloquy of an American were overheard. His French (?) and English were oddly mixed; but his indignation was unmistakable. "*Garçon*, bring me some *pummes de ter*-re (*pommes de terre*) with my poison (*poisson*). Give me a demi-bottle (*demi-bouteille*) of wine. Confound these French; they do not know how to eat! *Garçon!* why don't you bring me the rest of my dinner?" Meanwhile the agonized waiter was replying, "*Oui*," "*Certainement*," "*Tout de suite*," to every exclamation; and continued serving the dishes as he had from boyhood—his confusion and the wrath of his customer increasing with every moment. The observer hurried from the hotel before the climax was reached; so that he was unable to say whether the *finale* was a broken head or broken crockery, or simply a prolonged scream of the American Eagle and the flight of the terrified Frog-eater.

A correspondent of the *Lancet* anxiously inquires for a remedy for the stomach-ache. The patient has already taken, without effect, several preparations of opium, belladonna, cannabis indica, ipecacuanha, assafœtida, valerian, chloric ether, chloroform vapor, bromide of potassium, quinine, beberine, iron, zinc, hydrocyanic acid, bismuth, antacids, pepsine, pancreatine, hot drinks, and other remedies. He has also tried galvanic currents, hot fomentations, and cold cloths, hot baths, mustard poultices, croton oil, and small blisters externally; also, subcutaneous injections of morphia, atropine, strychnia, and caffeine. It is suggested that the sufferer be severely let alone for a while, and see what will be the result. Naturally, he must be uncomfortable for a time, after having been made such a medicine-chest.

CHRISTMAS-EVE OFF THE COAST.

OUR engraving on page 8 illustrates an incident of frequent occurrence on the fog-haunted coast of New England. The scene is the cabin of a small coaster, bound perhaps from Portland to New York. The night is "thick upon the sea," the wind high, and the captain and mate are anxiously consulting the chart that lies spread upon the rude table. They have just left the deck; rain and spray are dripping from their tarpaulin jackets, and glisten in the light of the cabin-lamp that swings above their heads. With feet spread wide apart, to resist the lurch of the little vessel, they peer over the chart in the attempt to make out their position. By the cabin fire sits the captain's wife, with her babe sleeping in calm unconsciousness in her lap. Her face betrays a shade of maternal anxiety, expressed also in the clasped hands and parted lips. Simple as the materials are, and simply yet forcibly treated, there is a strong dramatic feeling in the picture. The men leaning over the chart, the position of the cabin suggesting a stormy sea, the glimpse of the man at the wheel, and the starless night, and above all, the touching suggestion of family companionship in danger, compose a scene of most pathetic interest. The time, too, when we on land are sitting in warm and cheerful rooms, surrounded by children and friends, and all that belongs to this happy season, makes the contrast still more forcible and touching.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

THE pleasant German custom of gathering the family round a Christmas-tree, illustrated in our engraving on page 5, has become thoroughly domesticated in this country. The good old custom of hanging up a row of stockings on Christmas-eve, for Santa Claus to fill with presents, has gradually gone out of date with the disappearance of the old-fashioned fire-places, with their flaring, wide-throated chimneys, through which the kindly old fellow was wont to come with a huge sack full of toys on his fur-covered back. It was a pleasant old childish legend; and, though furnaces and steam-heaters have banished it from modern houses, its memory will never die out among the little folks. They will always credit old Santa Claus with their Christmas presents, whether they come by way of the fire-place or are hung on the branches of the illuminated Christmas-tree.

HOMELESS AND HUNGRY.

IN striking contrast with the cheerful gathering about the festive Christmas-tree, is the pathetic scene depicted in our engraving on page 13, which represents a group of London poor, homeless and hungry, gathered about a police station in search of shelter and food. It is a drawing from real life; every one of the ragged and shivering figures in the picture is the portrait of a living human creature, and each has its own story of want and misery. Such a sermon of charity as this should come home to the heart of every one to whom the Christmas season is one of rejoicing and festivity. How many thousands in our own cities are now "homeless and hungry" whom a little Christian charity (alas for its rarity!) might relieve. Let those to whom "homeless and hungry" is merely an empty phrase take pains to search out the truly poor and wretched; and, learning the real significance of those terrible words, learn also the true meaning of the Divine Master's saying: "The poor ye have always with you."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THREE young gentlemen from this city who were traveling in a Southern railroad car, and had made the acquaintance of the conductor, stopped him as he was passing through the car, the brakeman having just sung out, "O-pe-li-ka!" Not a house was visible among the pines, except a rambling shed called an "eating-saloon." "Hold on, conductor," said one of the youths; "come back, we want to ask you something." "Out with it," replied the official; "I am in a hurry." "What is the *size* of this place, conductor?" said one of the three, gravely. "It's about as big as New York," was the ready answer, "*but it isn't built up yet.*"

An old lady, on reading that an ice-house had been burned, remarked, "La, now. I suppose it was from spontaneous combustion. I often noticed that the ice in the wagons smoked."

CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY.

Three chickens went flopping out on to the ground,
Out on to the ground when the sun rose high.
Each went from the coop with a terrible wound,
A head chopped clean off and a ticket to die.
But men must work and women must eat,
And tender spring chicken makes very good meat,
And Christmas time is coming.

Three roosters they set up a horrible squawk,
And they stretched out their necks as the fowls went down,
And they looked at the hens and the tomahawk,
As much as to say, Don't he do it up brown!
But men have stomachs and women must eat,
And nice chicken pie it is hard to beat,
And Christmas time is coming.

Three corpses all cut up went into the dish,
The crust was put on and the edge scolloped down,
As juicy a pie as the stomach could wish
When the oven had baked it all through, nice and brown.
For men must kill and women must eat,
And good chicken pie is a very great treat,
When Christmas time is coming.

"And your father," said a boarding-school lad to his companion, "has only sent you two dollars; he must be a mighty mean man." "Well, I don't know; two dollars is considerable," replied the other. "Whenever my father sends, he never thinks of offering me less than ten." "How often does he send?" "Never."

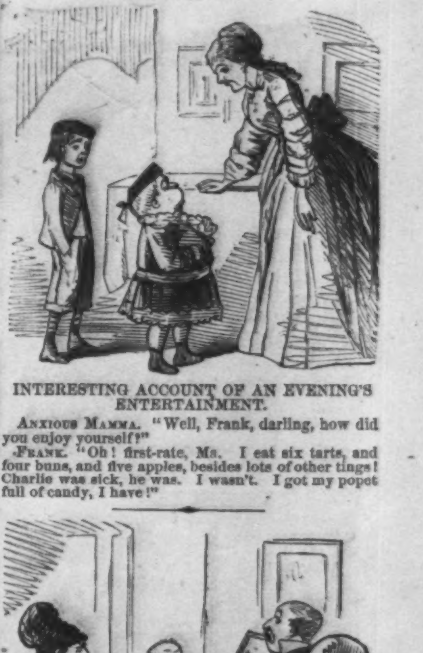
A married gentleman, every time he met the father of his wife, complained to him of the ugly temper and disposition of his daughter. At last, upon one occasion, becoming weary of the grumblings of his son-in-law, the old gentleman exclaimed: "You are right; she is an impertinent jade, and if I hear any more complaints of her I will disinherit her." The husband made no more complaints.

"I don't want mother to marry again," said a little boy one day at breakfast. "Why not?" was asked, with some surprise. "Because," said he, "I've lost one father, and I don't want the trouble of getting acquainted with another."

"Mammy!" said a precocious little boy, who, against his will, was made to rock the cradle of his baby brother, "if the Lord has any more babies to give away, don't you take 'em."

A Scotchman, having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him that he might help himself. The master said to him, "Sandy, you take a long time at breakfast." "In troth, master," he answered, "a cheese o' this size is nae sae soon eaten es ye may think."

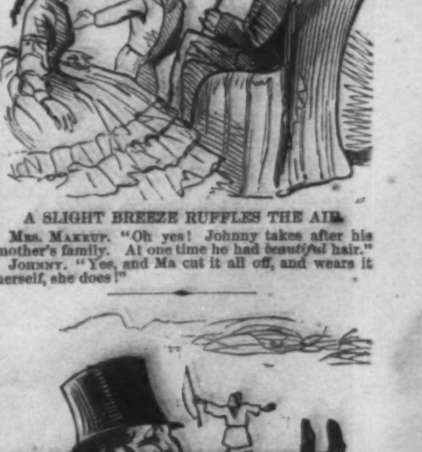
A very little girl first seeing her mother use an opera-glass at a concert, asked to take it, saying: "Please, ma, let me have that thing that blinds your eye so you see better!"



INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT.

ANXIOUS MAMMA. "Well, Frank, darling, how did you enjoy yourself?"

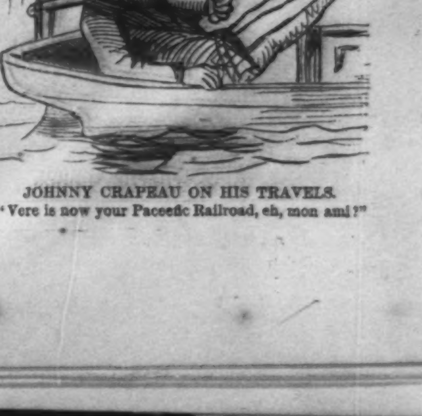
FRANK. "Oh! first-rate, Ma. I eat six tarts, and four buns, and five apples, besides lots of other tings! Charlie was sick, he was. I wasn't. I got my pocket full of candy, I have!"



A SLIGHT BREEZE RUFFLES THE AIR.

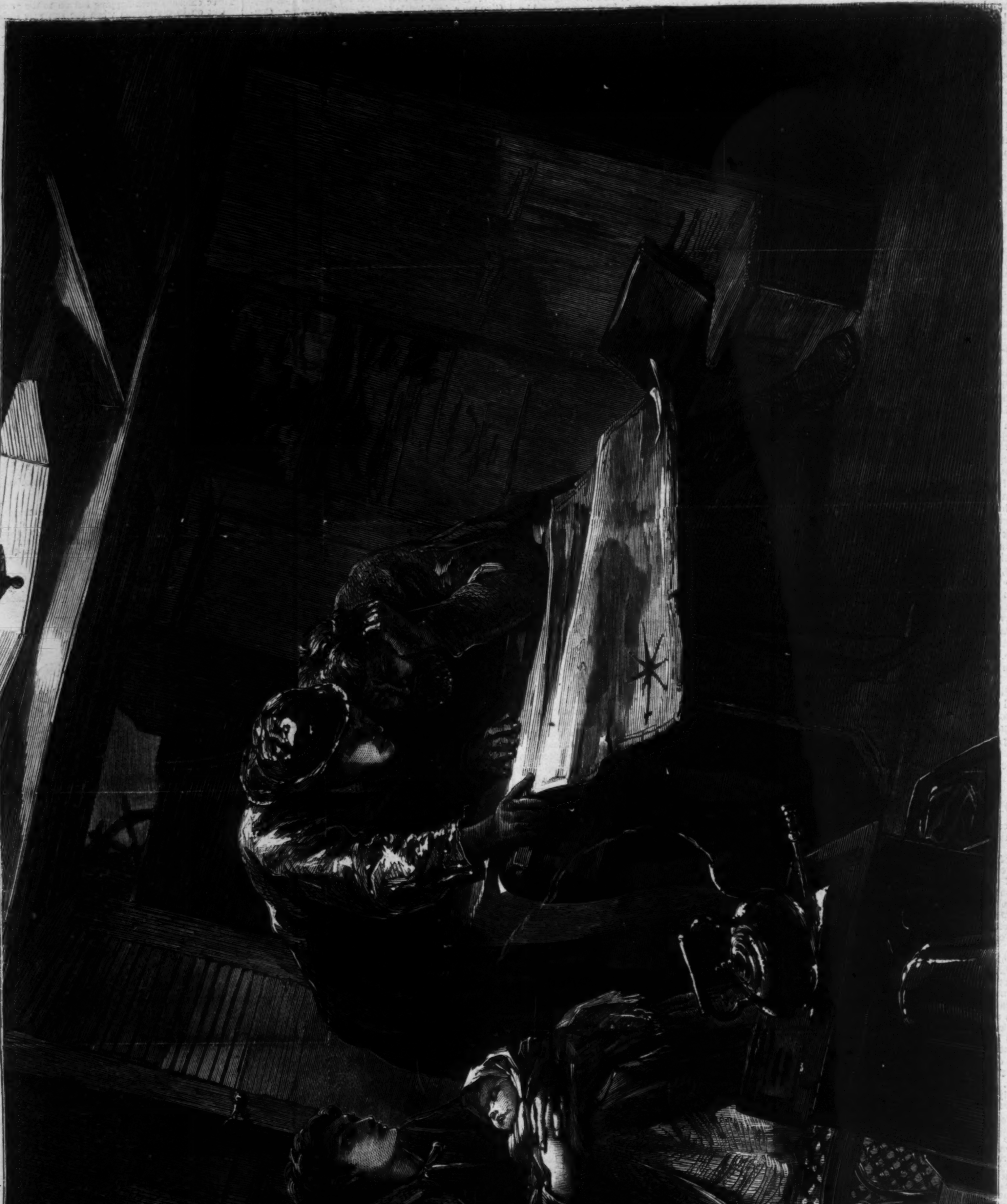
MRS. MAKEUP. "Oh yes! Johnny takes after his mother's family. At one time he had *beautiful* hair."

JOHNNY. "Yes, and Ma cut it all off, and wears it herself, she does!"

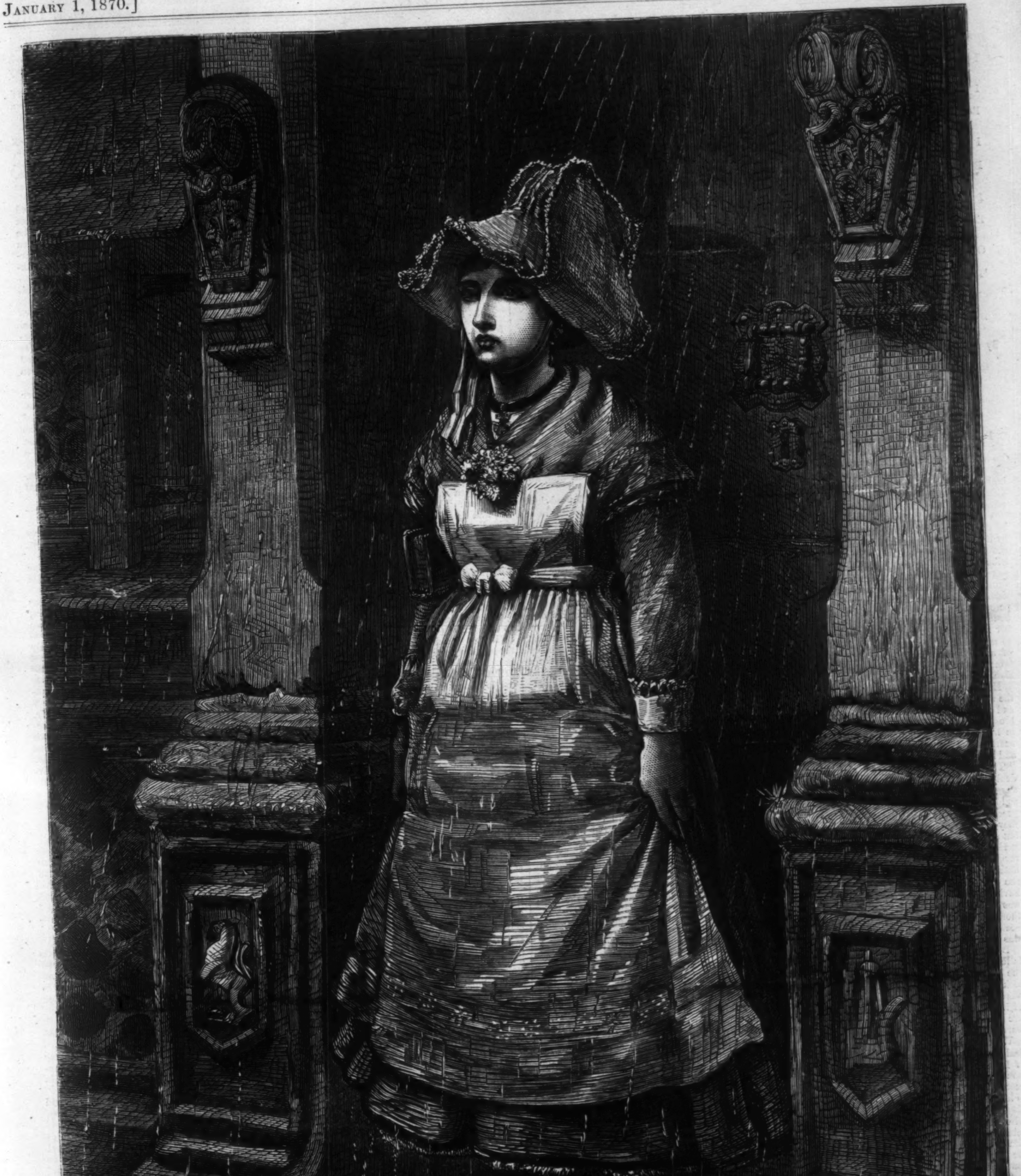


JOHNNY CRAPEAU ON HIS TRAVELS.

"Vere is now your Paceefic Railroad, eh, mon ami?"



CHRISTMAS-EVE OFF THE COAST.—[SEE PAGE 7.]



A RAINY SUNDAY IN BRITTANY.—[See Page 13.]

I MIGHT HAVE DONE.

Is there a sadder word than this—
I might have done?
I might have filled life's cup of bliss,
At least for one!

I might have done! I might have made
One life so fair;
Reft from its robe of sombre shade
Each thread of care.

I might have done! So simple joy,
Love's word or wile,
Robs life of half its sad alloy,
Makes life a smile.

I might have done! While young life strewed
Her prescient seeds,
Each folded germ with love endued,
To bloom in deeds.

O love-fraught hours sail mutely on,
Die one by one!
'Tis life to sigh when all are gone,
I might have done!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book III.

CHAPTER VIII.

CATCHING AT A STRAW.

During the first three weeks of his stay at Naples Sir John Gale appeared to be better than he had been for a long time previous. He did not pay many visits, but he received a considerable number of guests twice a week. The guests were chiefly gentlemen, but a few ladies came also.

Veronica's magnificent toilets were criticised by the women, and her striking beauty discussed by the men. She received homage and flattery enough to satisfy even her appetite for such tribute. She drove out daily in an elegant equipage. She had servants at her command. Her vanity and indolence were ministered to as assiduously as though she had been the most pampered sultana who ever dyed her fingers with henna. But although these things did afford her real delight at moments, they utterly failed to make her happy. A ceaseless under-current of anxiety ran through her life. She passed hours of suffering from unspeakable apprehension of evils to come.

Her pain of mind spurred her on to pursue the one object she had in view, with a courage and energy which she wondered at herself. The prospect of humiliation, exposure, and contempt, in lieu of homage, flattery, and envy, was unbearable. It roused in her a passion of terror: and passion is powerful.

The strange indisposition which had so suddenly seized Sir John at the Villa Chiari had suggested to her the thought that he might die suddenly. For a time that anxiety was appeased by the improvement in his health after they had first reached Naples: it was appeased, but still it lived.

Her feelings toward him underwent strange revulsions. Sometimes she told herself that she hated him with all her heart; at other times she clung to him from the sheer necessity of having some human creature to cling to. She was unable to live solitarily self-sustained, and there were moments when she would rather have been reviled in anger than made to feel that she was an object of indifference.

But, to Sir John at least, she was not the latter. She occupied more of his thoughts than she was aware of. He had not forgotten the look of intelligence he had seen on its way from Veronica's eyes to Barletti's. He often thought of it: especially as he got better, and had leisure to direct some of his private meditations toward other objects than himself.

When he thought of that look Sir John was jealous; jealous not so much with the jealousy of Love as with the jealousy of Power. He would have been jealous of Paul if he had suspected him of diverting any of the attentions due to his master into another channel. It was not displeasing to Sir John that Barletti should admire Veronica. Sir John liked that every thing belonging to him should be admired. It amused him to see Veronica play off her pretty airs on the prince, and treat him with an alternation of condescending smiles and stares of cold hauteur. But that look he had intercepted implied no playing off of pretty airs: it expressed a confidential understanding, appeal, and reliance.

Veronica had been so perfectly prudent that it was difficult for Sir John to conjecture what opportunity there could have been for the establishment of any thing like a confidence between her and Barletti. She had not remained alone with him for a moment during dinner, and she had been careful to speak to him in Italian, so that the servants might understand what was being said. All this Sir John well knew, and was puzzled. He would have been glad to convince himself that he had misinterpreted that fugitive glance; but that could not be. It was such a look as Veronica had never given him—Sir John. The man who has a secret consciousness that he has injured you is, we know, very ready to find cause of offense or complaint against you. It balances matters somewhat.

Sir John was always telling himself how generous he was to Veronica; how he humored her caprices; what a dull, wretched, miserable, poverty-stricken existence it was he had taken her from; and so forth. And he compared the flattering graciousness of her manner in the old days with the languor or violence which made up the present time. And then she teased him. She importuned him for that which he was unable to grant; and he especially desired to avoid explaining the reasons of his inability to grant it. It really seemed hard. But now there had arisen a real and important excuse for his resentment, and lo! he was inconsistent enough not to welcome it! On the contrary, it absolutely disturbed him very seriously.

Had he really cared more for this girl than he had fancied? Was there a fibre of tenderness yet lurking in that tough heart? He, at least, began to think so, and to pity himself with quite a soft sympathy. But that which was sympathy for himself became very bitter antagonism to others. After all, what had he to complain of? He did not desire Veronica to be tenderly trustful and confiding in her manner toward him! He had never longed for a sad, appealing, questioning glance from her large, dark eyes! No; but he none the less resented the bestowal of such a look on another.

He had flattered himself that Veronica entertained a due contempt for a man so poor as Barletti. If poverty were not contemptible, why then what advantage did he, Sir John Tallis Gale, possess over Prince Cesare in the eyes of a young lady?

That was an unpleasant thought. It came unwelcomed, and remained without leave. It seemed to Sir John that unpleasant thoughts increased and multiplied with amazing fecundity. One produced another.

Then, after the first fallacious improvement in his health, which had been wrought by change of air, his bodily ailments returned upon him. And amidst all these troubles there was Veronica pursuing her own aim with the blind persistency of desperation. It had never entered into her head that Sir John could be nourishing any feeling of jealousy toward Barletti.

It was not long before the latter followed them to Naples, and he was received at Sir John Gale's house there on the same familiar footing as he had held at Villa Chiari. Sir John easily fell back into his old habit of relying on Barletti for his evening's amusement; and, besides, he had a hungry curiosity to observe his behavior with Veronica. He lay on his sofa in a kind of ambush, with his shaded lamp beside him, watching the two, evening after evening, and feeding high the fire of jealous hatred within his own breast.

It required no great acumen to discover that Barletti was becoming daily more enthralled by Veronica. He would sit and gaze at her like a man spell-bound; and the light gallantry, the high-flown compliments, the conventional flattery, had all disappeared from his speech and from his manner. He was silent in her presence, or, if he spoke, it was seldom to her that his words were addressed. He had grown serious, and almost sad—with the vague sadness that belongs to all deep emotion, and that no mere butterfly flirtation ever awakens.

Veronica's feeling was less easy to read.

It was not, at all events, deep enough to be self-forgetting. Sir John coming to his evening watch with a certain preconceived idea, interpreted many chance words and looks into a corroboration of that idea. Yet even Sir John's suspicion could not blind him to the fact that, let Veronica regard Barletti as she might, the prince was far from being the all-engrossing object of her life. He well knew what that object was. But it infuriated him to think that she was possibly urged on to pursue it by the hope of one day sharing her success with Barletti.

Toward Sir John himself Veronica showed a gentleness and an assiduity that were seldom interrupted. Sometimes, however, it did happen that her temper, unused to curb or discipline, broke forth into violent reproaches and even threats, and caused him much annoyance. But then, when the burning anger had cooled a little, she would come to him again with a penitent, tender, earnest pleading for forgiveness which would have been infinitely touching to an unbiased witness.

There had been a time when the vehemence of an angry woman's tongue, and the impotent rebellion of a woman's mortified spirit, would have mattered little to him. He would have opposed passion to passion, violence to violence, self-assertion to self-assertion, and would even have enjoyed his victory. But it was no longer with him as it had been. It was still dangerous to provoke him too far, and Veronica's cheeks had once been blanched by a torrent of invectives launched at her by his quivering lips. Still, such an ebullition of passion cost him too dear to be indulged in often. He had grown very feeble. He felt it, although he would not acknowledge it. For some time he made light of his illness, and refused to see a physician. But one day Veronica made the alarming discovery that he *did* see one of the leading doctors of the place daily. The doctor came in a secret sort of way, and was admitted to Sir John's apartment by Paul.

Veronica's maid (no longer Beppina, but a Frenchwoman, the Tuscan servants had all been dismissed on leaving Villa Chiari) found this out, and told her mistress: less by way of imparting information than as a means of discovering whether Veronica knew it, and co-operated with Sir John in keeping the servants ignorant of the gravity of the case.

Veronica was terrified. She turned her thoughts this way and that way in search of help. There was no one within reach, no one to be relied on, but Barletti. What better lot lay before her than an alliance with him? She had learned to like him; he was gentle, and he loved her. The latter she could not doubt.

But yet that would avail her little, if she missed her aim and failed in her great purpose. Any secret communication with Barletti risked utter ruin and loss of all.

But on the evening of the day on which she had learned the fact of the doctor's visits the need of sympathy and encouragement became paramount, and when Barletti was saying "good-night" she gave him her hand, and, with a warning pressure, conveyed into his a little folded paper with these words written on it, "To-morrow morning at eight o'clock I shall be walking in the Villa Reale. Be there. I wish to consult you."

The moment Barletti was gone, with the note in his hand, Veronica had a revulsion of feeling. She would have done any thing to recall it. She trembled at the thought of the risk she had run. But after a night's sleep she awoke, still uneasy and frightened indeed, but resolved to meet Barletti at the hour appointed.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE VILLA REALE.

"Why do you not write to his family?"

"He has no living relatives; not one."

"To his friends?"

"His friends! I do not know any of his friends."

"You do not know any of his friends!"

"I—I—I know a man—a nobleman, in England, who knew him years ago in Rome. I know that Spanish attaché, and the Russian who came to Villa Chiari. I know the Duca di Terracina here, and his sister-in-law, the withered little woman with the pearls. These are scarcely the sort of friends who would be likely to afford one much comfort."

Barletti drew near her.

"I am only such a friend as these," he said, "if one counts by date of acquaintance. And yet you speak to me with confidence."

Veronica raised her eyes to his sadly as she answered: "Yes; because I think you care for *me*, and feel for me, and would, perhaps, do a friendly action for my sake, if not for his."

She was not without a consciousness of the effect she was producing on the man beside her, nor without an enjoyment of that consciousness. But there was truth enough in her words, and reality enough in her emotion, to send both the words and the look that accompanied them home to Barletti's heart.

The exhibition of herself as Beauty in distress, to an admiring spectator, had a certain pleasure in it that could not be altogether destroyed by the serious terrors and troubles that encompassed her.

Barletti glanced around him with the habitual caution of an Italian (and, be it said, of a lover. There is nothing that so speedily forms an accomplished hypocrite in small precautions as a clandestine attachment). Seeing no one in the long alley of the Villa Reale where they were pacing side by side, he took Veronica's hand and pressed it to his lips. He was very pale, and there were tears in his eyes, and his voice was unsteady as he said:

"Ah, Veronica! There is nothing in all the world I would not do for your sake."

"I think you are a true friend."

"No friend was ever so true, so devoted, as I will be if you will trust me."

Certainly the words thus written down do not display much eloquence on either side. But it seemed to both the speakers that they had said a great deal, and had been talking for a long time.

They walked on silently until they came to a little pier of masonry, railed in with iron bars, and abutting on the sea. They stood side by side, leaning over and looking out over the blue Mediterranean sparkling in the sunlight. A few fishing barks flitted across the horizon. Near at hand, a little gayly-painted boat, moored to the stone-wall, rocked up and down, and the waters made a lapping sound around the keel.

White garments fluttered on the beach, where a party of washer-women had established a drying-ground. The women talked and laughed loud and volubly, and the breeze carried the shrill sounds fitfully hither and thither. No other human being was within sight. Behind them were the green alleys of the Villa Reale; in front, the blue sea and the blue sky.

Veronica and Cesare de' Barletti stood quite silent, she staring straight before her, he with his gaze upon her face, and holding her hand in his.

It seemed to him as though it were all a dream. She broke the silence. He little guessed how far away her thoughts had been from him during all those minutes. He little guessed that they had been busy with persons and places he had never heard of. He had interpreted the tender melancholy in her eyes after his own fashion.

Her mind had flown away capriciously to the old days at Shipley, and the principal figure in her musings was Maud. But she broke the silence; and in the instant of opening her lips she was back again in the present, and nervously alive to every detail of her position.

"Do you think you could find out from that doctor—I can give you his name—whether Sir John's illness is really of an alarming nature; whether he thinks there is immediate danger?"

"Physicians will not speak of their patients to a stranger," answered Barletti. He, too, was prompt to enter into the prosaic actualities; but he came back to them out of fairy-land with a sigh, and a little shock, such as we feel in sleep when a long, delicious flight on dream-wings ends with a sudden jar, and we alight.

"But you may not be a stranger to this physician! You may know him! Besides, if you spoke with him, I think you could easily discover what his impression was, without direct questioning. It would be such a relief to my mind to know."

"Why do you not plainly ask Gale?"

"Oh, I dare not!"

"You dare not! Is he harsh? Is he cruel? I know his temper is furious, but *can* he be harsh to you? These Englishmen are sometimes very brutal."

"When I say I dare not, I mean for fear of exciting him too much. You need not alarm yourself for me; nor expend any indignation, on that score, upon Sir John."

"Oh! Veronica, the thought of your being treated with unkindness is insupportable to me. Veronica, there can be no tie of affection between you and that man. He can not value you, he can not understand you. It is horrible to see you bound to him!"

Barletti's horror of a loveless and ill-assorted marriage was of very recent date. It was not long since he had looked upon the union of the rich Sir John Gale with the beautiful Veronica as a quite matter-of-course and expedient arrangement, transacted on fair principles of exchange.

"You must not speak so to me," said Veronica, in a low voice.

"Veronica, I have told you that there is nothing in the world I would not do for your sake. And it is true. But there are some things beyond my power. One of them is to feign not to love you. I *would* even do that, if you desired it, but I can not. You might as well ask me to fly to Capri yonder."

The strength of passion brushed away her small reserves and affectations like summer gossamer before a great wind. She felt frightened at the potency of the spirit she had evoked. She desired to be loved, but within a convenient measure. She had thought to conjure up a sprite to serve her, not to rule her.

Her instinct taught her to appeal to his compassion. She did it genuinely, for she felt that she stood in need of help and forbearance.

"I trusted you," she said, brokenly, "and—and—you seemed to be true and gentle."

"You will not tell me that you did not know I loved you, Veronica! You did know it. Oh, mio Dio, how I love thee!"

"Men are selfish and cruel! There is none whom I can trust. You should not have said this to me now. You should not!"

The tears began to roll down her cheeks as she spoke. He was penitent when he saw tears, but he was perplexed too. She *had* surely known that he was deeply in love with her, and, knowing it, had come voluntarily to claim his help and sympathy! Why, then, did she call it cruel and selfish that he should speak to her of his feelings? He had no conception of the kind of hopeless devotion she wanted, and would have accepted, at any cost of pain to him.

She would fain have had him behave like Mr. Plew, at least for the present, or until the declaration of his passion should no longer be fraught with risk or trouble to herself. But Cesare de' Barletti was not in the least like Mr. Plew. And Mr. Plew's manner of loving—giving all and getting nothing—was inconceivable to him. And yet, after *his* manner, he did love her with the first deep and genuine passion of his life.

"What do you command me to do, Veronica? Tell me. I can not bear to see you shed tears," he said, speaking less vehemently.

"I can not command you—I do not wish to command you. But I ask you, as a friend, to ascertain what you can about Sir John's illness. It is not a very great thing to do, perhaps. And yet it is more than I have any right to demand."

"I will do it. Tell me, Veronica, do you—are you so *very* anxious about your husband?"

"About— Yes."

"Don't frown! Your frown chills me like a cloud coming over the sun. Ah, how coldly you look! There is some northern snow in your veins, even though you have Italian blood in you. And why should you be angry? You can not love that man! It is impossible."

"I said nothing of loving."

"True. But you seem so anxious, so distressed—"

"Can not you understand how terrible my position would be, alone here in a strange country, if—if any sudden misfortune should happen?"

"Alone! You would not be alone. Should *I* not be by your side? Ah, you speak of trust, but you do not really trust me."

"I do trust you. My presence here this morning is a proof that I trust you. But I must go back now. It is getting late. I came out quite alone. I did not bring even my maid."

"Oh, stay a while—a little longer! Let me look at you, and speak to you yet a few minutes longer!"

"No, no: I must go. I shall be missed. Paul is always on the watch."

"To the devil with Paul! You are not in fear of your servant! Will you go? Well, see how I obey you. There, I will not try to detain you. But, Veronica, one word. When will you meet me again? I must give you an answer, you know; I must tell you if I get any information. Will you come here to-morrow morning?"

Veronica mused a moment. "Could you not contrive to make me understand whether the doctor's answer is favorable or unfavorable, this evening when you come to *him?* A word or a look would suffice."

"No," said Barletti, resolutely. "Not a glance, not a quiver of an eyelash shall you have! I will impart no information unless you will consent to come here for it."

"Did I not say men were all selfish? *That* is your friendship; *that* is your devotion!"

"And you, Veronica, are you not very hard with me? What is that I ask? But to see you for ten minutes away from that blighting presence! But to speak one word to you of all that is in my heart!"

"Yes: you demand the price that pleases you for your service!"

He started back as though she had struck him.

"Signora, I demand no price. It shall be as you choose."

She saw he was wounded to the quick, and was eager to soothe him; although at the same time she felt somewhat indignant at his indignation; as a spoiled child, accustomed to give way to its humors, is startled and hurt when its arrogant pettishness is taken seriously, and resented as an injury.

"Oh, forgive me!" she said. "I am very unhappy."

Those words melted him at once. But he had been deeply wounded. He could understand tears, caprice, frowns, even fury. But a bitter sarcasm, a pitiless probing of motives, was infinitely repulsive. It seemed to him so essentially unwomanly. A woman might die for you, if she loved you; or might kill you if she were jealous. That was in accordance with the arrangements of Providence. But to hear a satiric sneer from female lips was to the Neapolitan prince almost as shocking as to have beheld a lady with a dissecting knife in her hand, and ready to use it.

"I did not think you could have spoken so unkindly, Veronica, to one who is devoted to you heart and soul, as I am," he said, reproachfully. But he took her hand again, and kissed it.

"Perhaps," said Veronica, "it will be best that I should meet you here again, to-morrow. The place is a public promenade. There can be no reason why I should not enjoy the sunshine here of a morning. I will come."

"May I not walk with you now, until you are within sight of the Palazzo?"

"No. I will go home alone. It is best so. Addio."

"Addio! I shall see you this evening. But it will be like looking at the sky from behind prison bars. To-morrow! Until to-morrow!"

As Veronica neared the porte cochère of the house she lived in, she became aware of a step close at her heels. She turned her head at the sound, and saw Paul.

"Good-morning, miladi," said Paul, with his habitual grave and respectful salutation.

"Where have you been at this hour?" asked Veronica, startled out of her self-command.

"Sir John sent me to the Via Toledo, miladi. There is no more eau de Cologne in his dressing-case, and Sir John desired to have some got at once."

The Via Toledo was far enough from the scene of Veronica's interview with Barletti.

"The sun was so delightfully bright that it tempted me out early. I have been walking by the sea," said Veronica.

She could not for her life have resisted the temptation to make this sort of excuse for, or explanation of, her having been out at that unusual hour. And yet she hated herself the instant the words were said, and swept past Paul with intensified hauteur in her always haughty gait.

"I could not think what had become of ma—pardon, I mean of miladi," said the French maid, when Veronica re-entered her chamber. "And miladi dressed herself! Mon Dieu!"

The Abigail cast up hands and eyes at the tremendous thought.

"I had a caprice to go out by myself. I went to walk in the sunshine. This January sun is like June in England. It warms the blood in one's veins."

"Oh, it is very true, miladi. But it burns one's skin. See how basané all these Neapolitans are! But Monsieur Paul also had a fancy to go out this morning."

"I saw Paul. His master sent him out, to the Via Toledo."

"Ah, Sir John sent him? That is different. But he must have made a long détour, for I saw him from my bedroom window coming from the Villa Reale."

JACQUES LERONDE.

I.

JACQUES LERONDE was a French Canadian, and as fine a fellow as ever trapped a beaver, shot a bear, or trod upon a snow-shoe. He was tall, had a fine figure, a fine, manly countenance, with good-nature and modesty stamped upon it; a fine intellect, though uneducated—at least in book lore—and a fine fancy. He was also fancifully dressed, but the dress was not of his own fancy; it was that of the region in which his lot had been cast, and consisted of a blue capote, with brass buttons, which was girt round him with a scarlet worsted belt. The skin of the marten formed his cap, that of the moose-deer his moccasins. Scarlet leggings clothed his muscular legs, and brilliant garters of bead-work bound them under the knees. His locks were black as the raven's wing, his eyes piercing like the eagle's, his nose was Roman, his chin large and firm, and his mouth per— But why go on? Is it not sufficient to say, in a word, that he was a fine, handsome fellow?

Jacques Leronde was in love—also in despair. The enlightened reader will not require to be informed that these two conditions are compatible. Indeed they are frequently, at one period or another, found resident in the same bosom.

At the time of which we write Jacques was a servant of one of the fur companies which, some forty or fifty years ago, opposed each other with all their energies in those wild wastes of North America which lie beyond the Canadas, and which were, and still are, the home of the red man.

Far, far beyond the utmost verge of the civilized world, in the lone wilderness, lies the great Lake of the Woods; and far beyond that, in the direction of the North Pole, stood Fort Matuan. The fort was, we may say, buried there; for little more than the roofs of the few wooden huts which composed it were visible, all else being whelmed in superabundant snow, through which passages had been cut to the windows, and beaten tracks led to the doors. Winter, hard, bitter, hyperborean winter, had been reigning there for three months; but he had five months still to reign, for it was only the Christmas-time of the year, and his dethronement did not usually take place until May.

At the gate of this fort Jacques stood one evening gazing anxiously at the setting sun and the snow-flakes which fell thickly around him. He beat one foot impatiently on the ground. Poor fellow! The snow on which he stood was cold, but at that time his bosom was colder; the ice on the adjoining river was hard, but his heart was harder; the river itself was deep and dark, but immeasurably deeper and darker were the meditations of Jacques Leronde.

The reason of this is easily explained. Twice in the year the lonely inhabitants of Fort Matuan were accustomed to receive letters from the civilized world, once by the boats which arrived with supplies in spring, and once by a packet which was sent express through the country in charge of two men near the close of each year. Mr. Ogilvie, who was in charge then, had told Jacques to hold himself in readiness to go forward with the express to Fort Chimo, an outpost which lay upward of a hundred miles still nearer to the pole than Fort Matuan. Now it chanced that Annette Weston dwelt there. She was the pretty daughter of the chief of Fort Chimo, a man who had risen from the ranks to the position, if not the character, of a gentleman. This Annette was Jacques's Annette, his adored one—the star of his hopes, the sun of his system, the bright centre of his being. Conceive, then, his disappointment when, a day or so before the time on which the packet was expected to arrive, Mr. Ogilvie summoned Jacques to his presence and told him that a band of Indians, with plenty of furs, had been heard of in the neighborhood, and that as he, Jacques, was the best "runner" in the fort, he meant to send him out after them.

"Bot, Monsieur," said Jacques, who spoke English so broken that it were vain for us to attempt to mend it, "w'at of de wintair packit?"

"Oh, I'll find some one else to take it on to Fort Chimo," replied Mr. Ogilvie; "the furs are of more importance. Our opponents are sure to get scent of them; so look sharp, and be off as fast as you can. Take Flinn with you, and be sure to turn your snow-shoes the wrong way."

"Oui, Monsieur," said Jacques, as he left the room crest-fallen, and wished with all his heart that he had not been the "best runner" at the fort.

That evening, in company with Flinn, Jacques started off, each man dragging a small sledge. They had not walked more than eight or ten miles when they came upon the Indian camp, and the sight that met their eyes caused them to look at each other in dismay, for the Indians were all lying about the fires in a state of helpless intoxication. The opposition fur-traders had reached the camp before them, and, of course, not a fur worth having remained. At least so they thought, but in this matter also Flinn and Jacques were mistaken; for no sooner did they appear than an old chief, who had purposely kept himself as sober as he could, staggered toward them, and said, while he swayed to and fro, blinking like an owl, and assuming a look of ineffable gravity, "My white children are welcome."

"Some other white children have been welcomed before us, it would seem," replied Flinn, somewhat sternly, in the Indian language, which he spoke fully better than his own.

"They have been here," said the old chief, drawing himself up, and extending his hand, while he spoke with the dignity peculiar to his race; "but the red men gave—hic—them no welcome. As the sun rises in a fog, so the red men showed their faces—hic—to their white visitors. But my white children of—hic—Fort Matuan see the sun clear as at noonday. They had fire-water; we could not refuse it; but we—hic—kept back all the good furs" (here he endeavored to look very knowing, but only succeeded in looking idiotic) "f-for our white—hic—children of Fort Matuan."

At this point, being apparently unable to concentrate his faculties any longer, the old chief turned slowly round, staggered gravely to his tent, and flinging himself on a buffalo-robe, fell fast asleep almost immediately.

"If him speak de troot, dat be good," said Jacques, as he and his companion blew up the embers of the fire in the chief's tent, and made themselves comfortable for the night.

An old squaw, who had partially recovered from the effects of the fire-water, soon afterward woke up, and assured the traders that they had only sold the worst of their furs to the other party, who had gone off supposing they had got all; but in reality they kept the best furs for their particular friends—the men of Fort Matuan.

Much delighted to learn this, the two traders sat down to smoke their pipes; and Jacques, who was somewhat talkative, gave his comrade a long account of a surly old uncle in Montreal—his only relative—who was said to be rich, and who was always writing letters inviting him to go to Canada and live with him.

"An' why don't ee go?" asked Flinn.

"Forcause me no live on nobody, s' long 's can vork for meself."

"More fool you," said Flinn, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, rolling himself in his blanket, and going to sleep.

Jacques sighed, followed his comrade's example, and dreamed of Annette. Being an enthusiastic trader, he dreamed of furs also, and he thought more than once in his dreams of what the missionary had said—that perhaps good might come of his disappointment.

II.

CHRISTMAS-DAY dawned; but there was no holiday for Jacques or Flinn. These energetic men spent the day in trading for the furs which the Indians had reserved. Toward the afternoon they set out on their return to Fort Matuan, with heavily-laden sledges and light hearts; for, in addition to the success that they had in securing a large quantity of valuable furs, Jacques now began to hope that he might, after all, be back in time to be the bearer of the winter packet to Fort Chimo.

In order to shorten the road they made a détour when leaving the Indian camp, and came down upon a frozen river. At a very lonely-looking and rugged part of the bank they were surprised to observe a thin wreath of smoke curling above the trees. Hastening to the spot they found a man, the embodiment of a living skeleton, lying beside a fire, and another man—scarcely less emaciated than the first—sitting beside him with his face buried in his hands. A glance convinced the traders that they were not Indians.

"Starving," observed Jacques to his comrade, with a look of compassion, as they hastened forward.

The man seated by the fire heard the sound, looked up, and, with an exclamation of "God be praised!" fell back in a state of insensibility.

"Must have been far gone, poor fellow, to faint so easy," said Flinn, stooping over him. "Hallo! what have we here?" he added, pulling a box from under a blanket. "I say, Jacques, why, here's the—*the packet!*"

"Nevair mind de packit," said Jacques, earnestly; "come, lend one hand."

Nothing more was said while the two men busied themselves about the unfortunate travelers, neither of whom was able to speak distinctly for some time; but when Jacques had roused up the fire until it roared again, and Flinn had brewed and administered a cup of hot tea, the tongue of one of them was loosed, and by slow degrees he told his tale. They had been sent off with the packet three weeks before, and would have reached Fort Matuan four or five days sooner had not his companion fallen and broken his leg. He had put him on the sledge along with the packet, and dragged him over the snow as fast as he could; but the snow was deep, and the way rugged. Provisions had failed. Animals were scarce at that time of the year. Day after day he had toiled on in the hope of falling in with Indians or reaching the fort. At last his strength had given way, and he had stopped to die! He had expected, he said, that they would both die that day—Christmas-day!

We need not say that Jacques and Flinn quickly transferred their furs to a place of hiding—put them in "cache," as fur-traders term it—and, lashing the half-starved men on the sledges, dragged them and the packet into Fort Matuan before that Christmas-day was ended.

We will not pause to tell of the delight experienced by those self-banished fur-traders when they wrenched off the lid of the box with trembling, eager hands, and tore open letters which had been written months before, and which contained the latest news of the loved ones "at home." Before Mr. Ogilvie had perused many lines of his dispatch from head-quarters, he summoned Leronde.

"I am desired, Jacques, to forward the letters and papers for Fort Chimo without a moment's delay. Get ready, therefore, to start to-night."

"Oui, Monsieur."

Jacques's manner was not now dejected.

"And here, Jacques, is a letter for yourself."

"From mes onkle, 'spose," said Jacques, as he received the epistle, and examined it with some interest. "Non," he added, "him's not dirty nuff for onkle's lettre."

"You can find that out at your leisure; meanwhile, be off, and tell Flinn he is to accompany you. Sorry to be obliged to make you work all the Christmas holidays; but it can't be helped."

Although the order had been given to get ready for a start that night, the men were not dispatched until the following morning, when, with the packet and their blankets and provisions lashed to a small sledge, they left the fort, and turned their faces northward.

They had a hard struggle to reach the fort in time, and on the last day were obliged to walk fully thirty miles; but they accomplished their object, and arrived late in the evening, just as the inmates had reached the height and full swing of what they termed a jollification. That outlandish fort was inhabited by Mr. Weston, the commandant, two clerks, an interpreter, and six men. These, with six Indian men, four Indian women, and the fair Annette—in fact, the entire population of the region—were, when the travelers arrived, dancing in the hall to the tones of a "home-made" violin, and a kettle-drum.

Those whose duty it is to correspond with men who dwell in the outlandish places of the earth would, perhaps, increase the length of their epistles in future, did they but witness the burst of joy with which the arrival of a "packet" is hailed in the Far North. Jacques opened the door of the "hall," and thrust his head in. Some of the dancers did not happen to know him; but they knew that he was a stranger. A *new face* was before them—a sight that had not greeted their eyes for such a length of time that it sent a thrill to their hearts. They also knew, instantly, that the new-comer must be the bearer of the packet; and, incontinently, a rush was made at him. For a few minutes he and Flinn were overwhelmed; almost embraced; but the opening of the packet diverted the current, and allowed the tired men to look about them.

Need we say that Jacques looked for Annette? Their eyes met, and those of the latter fell, as she advanced, blushing to the roots of her glossy hair, to welcome her lover. Well was it for both of them at that time that all the "white men" of the fort were absorbed in "news from home;" each exclusively intent on his own epistle, yet desperately, irresistibly anxious to read scraps aloud, and crave the sympathy of his fellows.

The lovers retired to a room which opened off the hall, where they confided to each other their mutual hopes and sorrows.

"Father won't let me marry you, Jacques," murmured Annette, sadly.

Jacques kissed her with as little noise as possible, and said, "Him must!"

"But I assure you he won't. He is kind and good, but very determined. He says you are too poor."

"Ah, me! an' hims would make me poorer, by taking you from me."

Hereupon Jacques sighed, and so did Annette; after which they— But it is not necessary to say more; enough has been said to show the hopeless case of the unfortunate pair.

Despite his sorrows Jacques danced that night with as much vigor as if he had walked only thirty yards instead of thirty miles; and he, with his friends and the Indians, kept it up till early morning, inspirited by the music of the drum and violin, and inspired only by tea!

Next morning Jacques, being a bold man, made a formal proposal to Mr. Weston for the hand of his pretty daughter.

"No, Jacques," said Mr. Weston, firmly; "you are not in a position to marry. You have no money. Annette can not live on air."

"Ah! Monsieur, bot I can vork."

"Very true, Jacques; but you must work to some purpose, before I can let you have my daughter. It will be time enough to think of her, when you have made some money. Besides, Annette is yet very young."

"Ah!—oui, Monsieur, an' bootiful!"

"Well, I believe she is," said Mr. Weston, with a laugh. "However, the thing is impossible. I'm sorry to refuse you, Jacques, for I believe you to be a good fellow."

"Bot, Monsieur," urged the disconsolate suitor, "she doos love me! Her felicity vill—"

"Come," interrupted Mr. Weston, sternly, "enough has been said. We will drop the subject; it is a disagreeable one."

Poor Jacques sighed heavily, and rose to quit the room; but, stopping suddenly, thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out a letter, which he handed to the fur-trader.

"I vill ask von favor, Monsieur. Vill you read me lettre? I can not read him."

The trader ran his eye over the epistle. As he did so, an expression of increasing surprise crossed his features, and awoke Jacques's curiosity. Suddenly he grasped the hand of the rejected suitor, and shook it warmly.

"Have you any idea of the contents of this letter?" he asked.

"Non, Monsieur—can guess noting."

"It is from a Montreal lawyer, telling you that your old uncle is dead, and has left you all his possessions, which, it would seem, amount to two thousand dollars in cash, and a small farm near the Lachine canal! I congratulate you, Jacques, with all my heart."

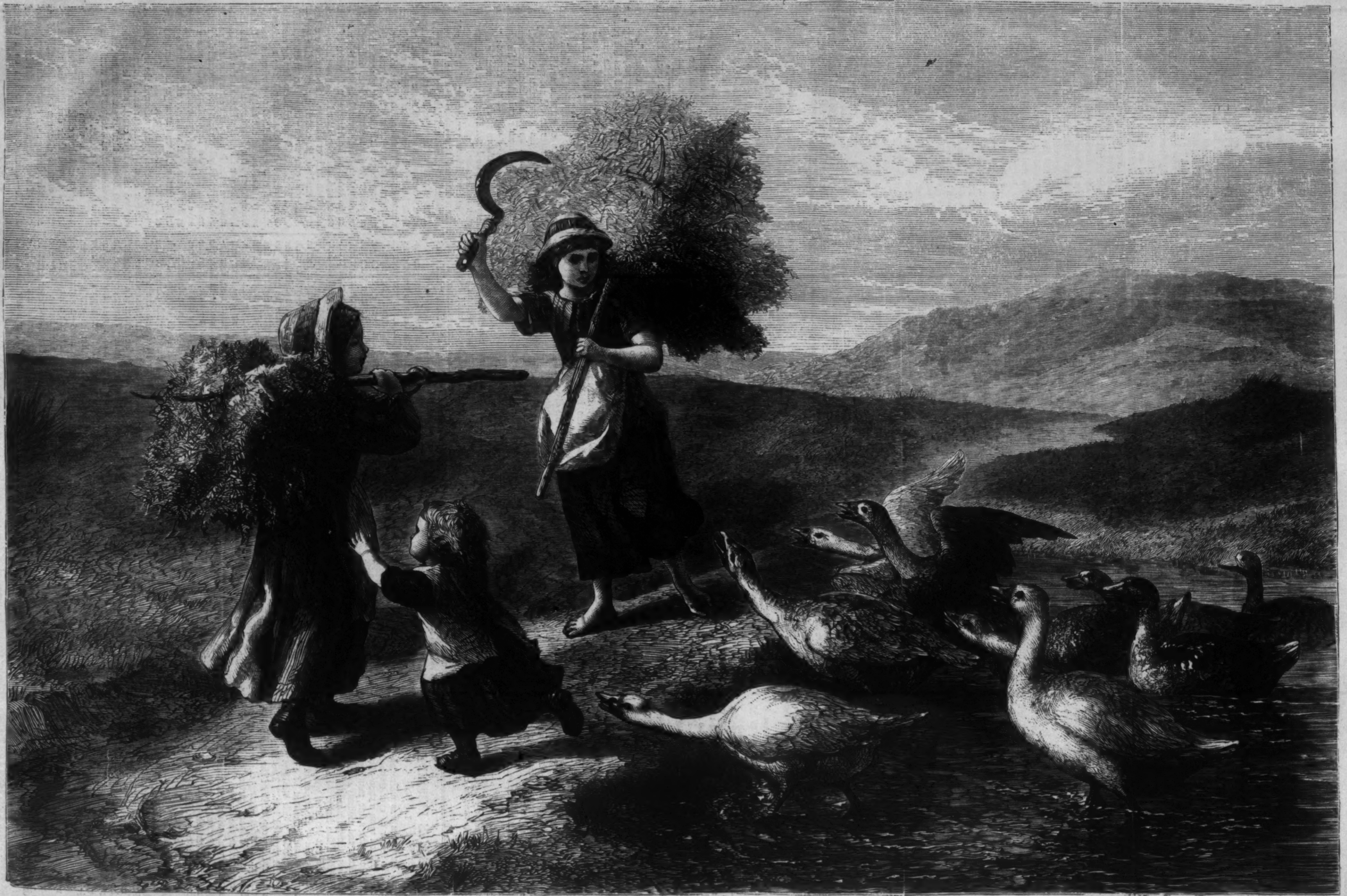
This intelligence was received by the fortunate man with a gaze of surprise and incredulity. For several minutes he did not speak. By degrees, however, his expression changed. A beaming smile lit up his handsome countenance, and a gleam of humor twinkled in his eyes, as he said, with an air of profound respect: "Bot, Monsieur, to retoorn to de disagreeable sobject. May I have de honor for prepose to de hand of your datter *now?*"

Need we inform you, reader, that the subject was no longer disagreeable—that Mr. Weston had no objection whatever to the proposal, provided Annette was willing—and that, when Jacques soon afterward made the same proposal to Annette herself, he found that *she* had no objection whatever, provided her father was willing?

Before that week was out, Jacques had fitted up a dog-sleigh with the most gorgeous harness of yellow leather, scarlet cloth, indescribable trimmings, and little brass bells. In this vehicle he packed the fair Annette, with warm buffalo-robes, and, walking behind on snow-shoes, drove her down to Fort Matuan. Flinn drove a less ornamental sleigh, containing an Indian girl—Annette's companion—and Mr. Weston, with one of his clerks, followed them, having resolved to be present at the wedding. The missionary was, of course, delighted to perform the ceremony; and he did not fail to point out to the bridegroom how fortunate it was that he had been thwarted in his wishes on the last Christmas-eve; for, had it been otherwise, the packet would probably have lain undiscovered for many months, and the happy issue of events might have been indefinitely postponed. Jacques gazed at his bride, and willingly admitted the great truth, that, while man arranges his plans, a higher Power directs his steps.

When genial spring unbound the icy fetters of the Far North, Monsieur and Madame Leronde stepped into a light canoe, and, leaving the wilderness behind them, went down to Canada to take possession, as Jacques was wont to say, of their "onkle's estates."

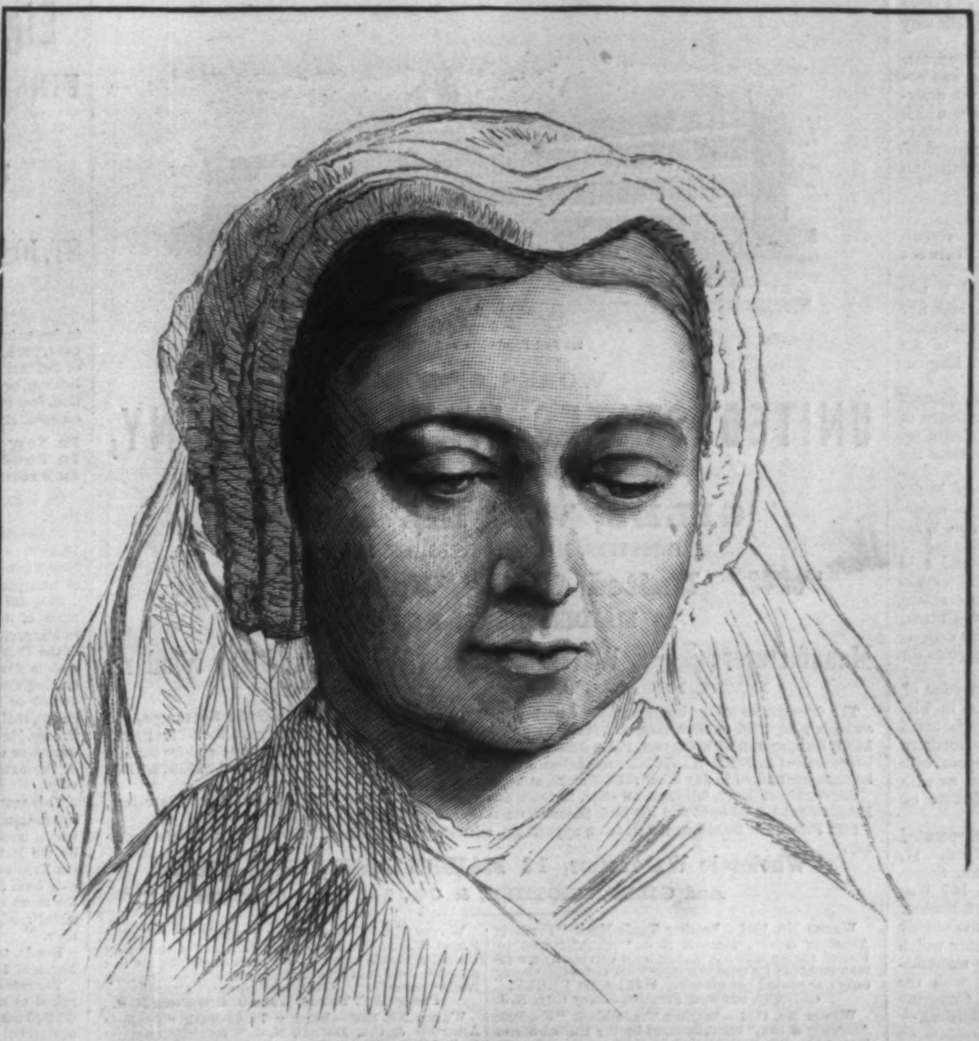
In after-years, when Jacques and Annette were gray, and their children's children swarmed in and around their dwelling, the retired fur-trader used to discourse enthusiastically of his adventures during the "opposition times," especially of that adventure—the most fortunate of his life—which occurred to him on a certain Christmas-time in the Far North, and put him in possession of Annette and happiness.



AN ATTACK.—[See Page 13.]

QUEEN VICTORIA.

We present our readers this week with an admirable portrait of the English Queen, who is scarcely less revered for her amiable qualities by republican Americans than by her own subjects. It is engraved from a portrait drawn from life, and represents that eminent sovereign as she appears to-day. Nearly all the photographs of the Queen fail in conveying an impression of the singular mingling of sweetness and sadness that pervades her countenance, and which only at rare intervals gives way to a cheerful and animated expression. It is said that no sovereign's face has been so often painted, engraved, and photographed as Victoria's, and that a "Victoria Gallery" would fill many portfolios. In Europe the traveler rarely enters a public room without finding her portrait beside that of the reigning sovereign of the country. It is scarcely less popular among ourselves; and it is said that in the most wretched hovels in Mexico—though we can not vouch for the truth of the statement—three portraits, generally coarse lithographs, can almost always be found; they are those of George Washington, Alexander von Humboldt, and Victoria of England—a worthy triad of Patriotism, Wisdom, and Virtue. It should be borne in mind that the homage paid to the English Queen does not arise from a spirit of servile adulation, but from the genuine admiration which her womanly qualities command in the hearts of all people.



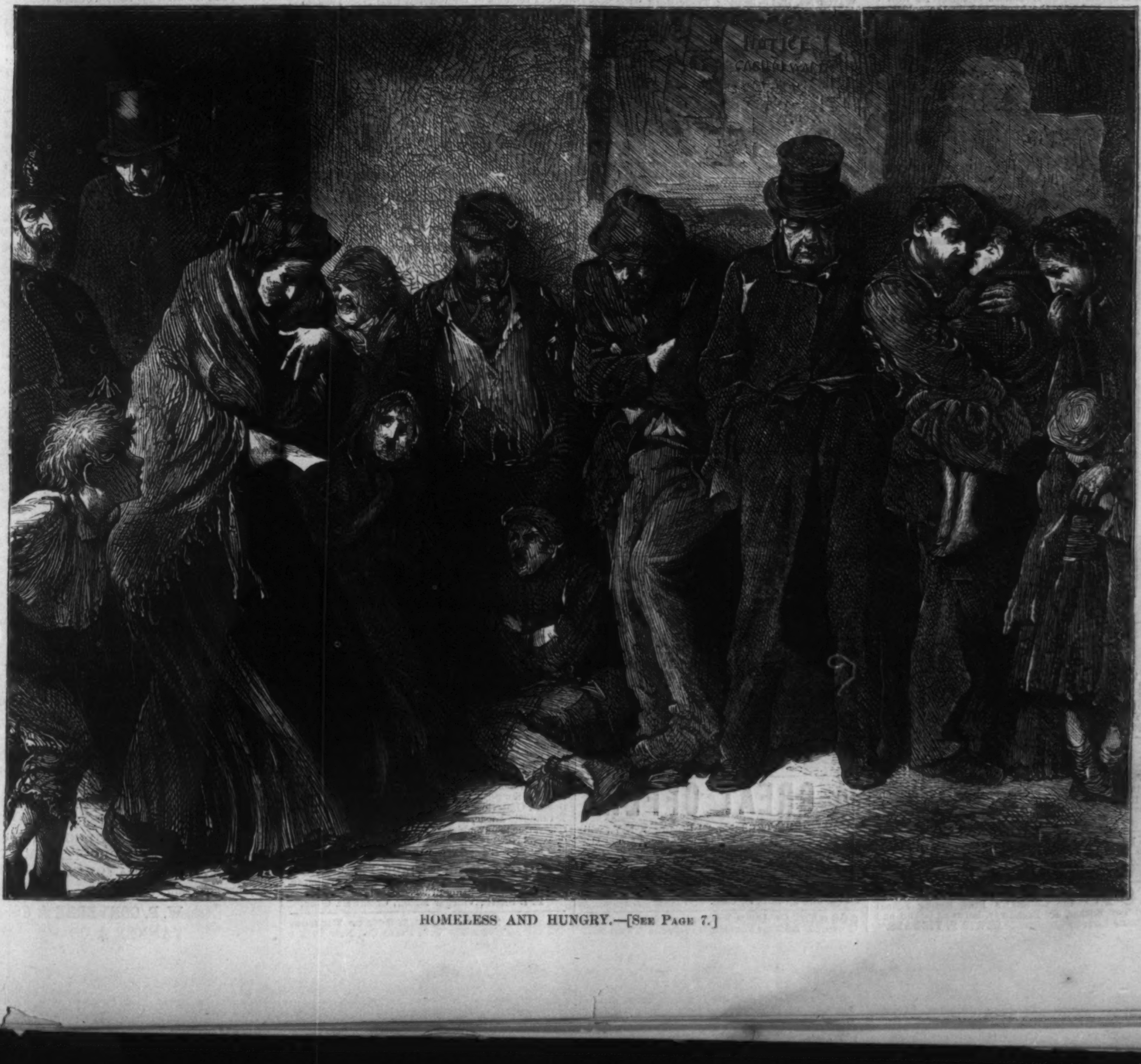
QUEEN VICTORIA.

AN ATTACK.

All the little folks among our readers who have ever had the happiness to pass a summer in the country, where the farmers' geese are allowed to wander by the road-side and on the common, will recognize the truth of our illustration on page 12; and children of a larger growth, who have not altogether outgrown the remembrances of early years, will doubtless smile, as it recalls a similar adventure of their own. Who has not been frightened, in the helpless inexperience of childhood, by the strange, angry chorus of hissing and gabbling, raised in evident menace by a flock of geese, straggling toward the intruder on their society with outstretched necks and gaping bills? The children in our picture have given no provocation to the enemy. They are passing quietly homeward through the pasture, with no intention of disturbing the feathered foe. The younger child has toddled on in advance, and so has received the brunt of the attack, from which she retreats in babyish terror to claim the protection of her older sister. As no creature understands better than the goose that "discretion is the better part of valor," we may be sure the flock will keep at a safe distance from that upraised sickle and determined attitude.

A RAINY SUNDAY IN BRITTANY.

The pleasant little picture of which we give an engraving on page 9 is one of the finest works that has recently come from Mr. Boughton's easel. To appreciate fully the disappointment and annoyance depicted on the face of the fair Bretonne belle, it must be understood that the peasant girls of Brittany take special pride in their snow-white "coiffures," which are often costly as well as curious. We may not unfrequently see old point lace on the heads of these peasants, and caps so precious that they descend as heir-looms from mother to daughter; and when caught out in the rain, the women instantly cover their caps with a colored handkerchief. Of course this must disfigure and disarrange their dress; and we can well understand that, after making her elaborate toilet, our pretty Bretonne does not wish to be seen at church with her best Sunday cap all awry, and her dress draggled and wet. She evidently would like to wait in the porch until the shower is over; but unhappily, when it once begins to rain in Brittany, there is



HOMELESS AND HUNGRY.—[See Page 7.]

little hope of its leaving off in a hurry, and there is no telling how long the disappointed belle may be kept imprisoned on the door-step.

The artistic merits of this picture are very great. The details are all in admirable keeping, and nothing of the kind could be finer than the drawing of the massive carved timber porch, which affords the necessary shelter, and which is characteristic of the old houses found in the towns of Brittany, with their projecting stories resting on grotesquely carved brackets.

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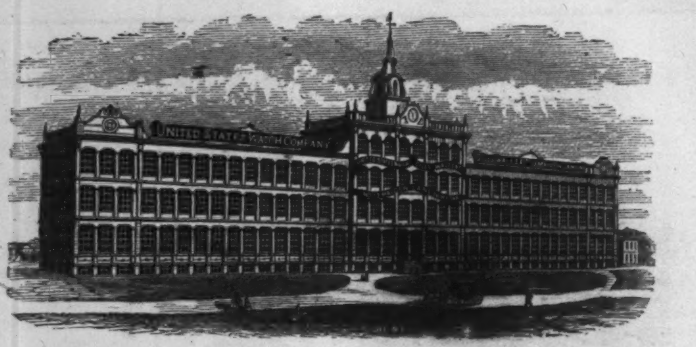

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FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

OF THE ISSUE OF

$1,500,000

BY THE

ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD CO.,

in denominations of $1000 and $500, bearing Eight per Cent. per annum Interest, payable in Gold on the 15th of February and August, in each year, in New York, London, or Frankfort-on-the-Main, at the holder's option, free of U. S. Taxes. The interest for six months on $1000 Bond is payable as follows:

In New York	**$40 Gold.**
In London	**£8 4s. 4d.**
In Frankfort-on-the-Main	**100 Florins.**

On a $500 Bond, one half these amounts, respectively.

These Bonds have thirty years to run from August 14, 1869, payable at maturity, in Gold, in the City of New York; are Coupon Bonds, but can be registered, or converted into Registered Bonds.

They are secured by a first and only mortgage on 111 miles of the Company's Road, from St. Joseph, Mo., to Marysville, Kansas, known as the Eastern Division of the Company's main line, which runs *from St. Joseph to Fort Kearney, on the Union Pacific Road,* including the Company's equipments, rolling stock now owned or hereafter possessed, rights of way, franchises, real estate, and personal property in Doniphan, Brown, Nemaha, and Marshall Counties, Kansas, now owned or which the Company may acquire by reason of the extension of their line to the City of Marysville.

This mortgage is executed to the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company as Trustees. At the same time, the whole issue of $1,500,000 Bonds have been executed by the Railroad Company placed in the custody of the Trustees, who have absolute possession, and *can only issue them,* or their proceeds, in accordance with the terms of the Mortgage Deed, which is *upon a completed road,* and then only at the rate of $12,000 per mile.

Bonds, to be valid, must be countersigned by the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company.

The rate per mile of a completed road, which is mortgaged to secure these Bonds at their par value, is **$13,500,** while the *actual cost* of construction and equipment is more than double this amount.

This line is mainly the extension of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, with its connections North and East, and the St. Louis and St. Joseph Railroad, with its connections South and East, both lines converging at St. Joseph and connecting at once with the St. Joseph and Denver City Railroad, running West, through Eastern Kansas, into the heart of Nebraska, where it connects with the Union Pacific Railroad at the City of Fort Kearney, making the shortest route known to California and the Pacific States.

The Company's Capital Stock is $10,000,000, to which nearly $2,000,000 is subscribed and paid up by local subscriptions, which amount has been and is being expended on the road. The Company have 1,600,000 acres of superior lands, immediately adjoining the line, which was a grant from the United States Government, the alternate sections of which are selling for $2 50 per acre, cash. At this low price, the Company have an asset of value in

Lands	**$4,000,000**
First Mortgage Bonds	**1,500,000**
Capital Stock	**10,000,000**
Total Resources	**$15,500,000**
Total Length of Road	**271 Miles.**

While the only debt against the Company is this issue of First Mortgage Bonds, amounting to $1,500,000—all that can be issued.

A large portion of the road West from St. Joseph is now in successful operation, showing earnings, per mile, sufficient to meet the interest liabilities on this loan.

A Branch Company is building a line from this road to the Kansas Pacific Road, thereby giving a direct route to Denver City.

We are authorized to offer these Eight per Cent First Mortgage Bonds at 97½ and accrued interest in currency, with the reserved right to advance the price without notice. Pamphlets, maps, and information furnished on application.

Bonds sent and packages received free of express charges, and marketable securities converted without commission, to parties investing in these Bonds.

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49 Wall Street, New York.

Having had all the papers and documents relating to the loan examined by competent counsel and pronounced complete and sufficient, and having personally examined the same, which we find regular and perfect, and having had our own engineers examine the road and property, whose reports are satisfactory, we do, with the utmost confidence and satisfaction. recommend the EIGHT PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE GOLD BONDS OF THE ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD COMPANY as A SAFE, SURE, AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENT, worthy the attention of capitalists, investors, and others.

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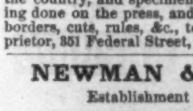

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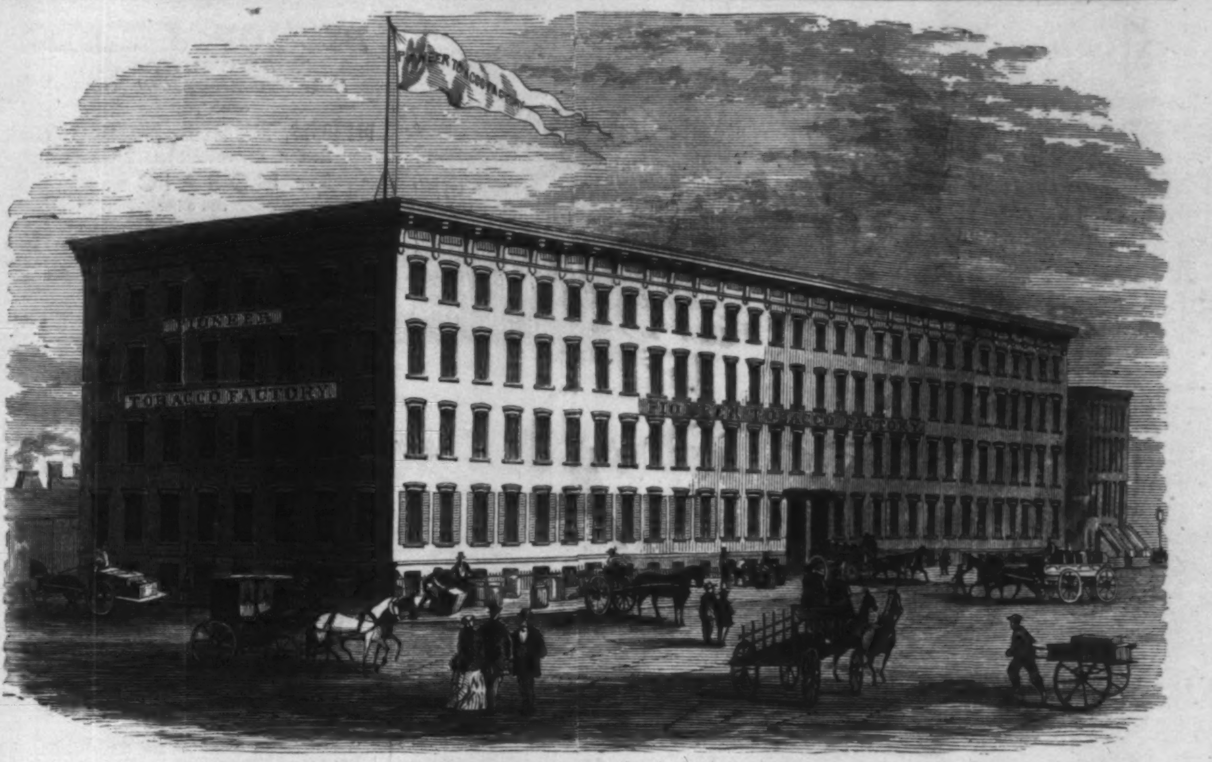

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(See page 14.)

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From the New York Weekly Tribune, Sept. 8, 1869.

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The Collins Metal has won for the originator of it a reputation as the successful modern alchemist. The dream of the seeker for the philosopher's stone seems likely to be realized at last. For if Mr. Collins has not been able to make gold out of a metal not gold, he has succeeded in imitating every shade with his metal. The composition of the metal is a secret, and no published account can be relied on as worthy of confidence.

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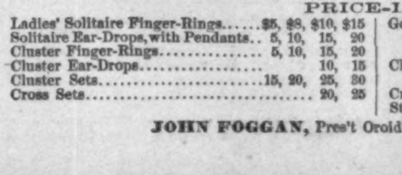

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